# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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SANTA CLAUS IN CAMP.—[See Page 6.]

## AT LAST.

THE full chords, the flying, sparkling notes, the inwoven harmonies, were all one splendid mutiny; for Esther Trevellian, after three weeks of depression and doubt of Raymond Leighton, was roused at last to revolt, and with head erect and sparkling eyes, rung out musical defiance in the name of Liszt, as bold and plain as words could have set it forth. And so Raymond Leighton understood it, as the throbbing notes, escaping through the opened windows, came on him tranquilly sitting on the piazza.

"Good!" he said to himself. "She is ready now to fling her glove in my face. We shall have a scene, and then I think we shall come to terms;" and throwing away his cigar he sauntered into the parlor.

She was alone, and his steps were lost in the thunder of the chromatic storm; but a Cenci hung over the piano, and in the glass of the picture she caught a blurred hint of his coming; saw a brown mustache, a dark outline, something masculine, guessed out the rest by the tingle of her blood, and the fast throbbing of her heart; so had time to quell the secret insurrection, and was ready for him, with steady eye and lip, and a cold little hand that lay passive in the grasp into which he took it.

"I thought you were yet in town."

"I have only been here an hour or so."

The sharp pang with which she thought how a month back "the hour or so" would have read five minutes, she could not keep from sounding in her voice.

"Well, have you nothing to tell me?"

"Nothing but my indecision, and that you shall end. The Eighth goes next week. Shall I go or stay?"

"I should hardly think there could be a doubt unless the Leighton blood runs pale."

"It has flowed redly enough on more than one field," returned the young man, haughtily.

"Like the old Burgundians? 'Il coulé fort et bon?'"

"Then you wish me to go?"

"I—I have no wish about it; what is it to me?"

"True, it is nothing to you, of course," answers this maladroit Raymond, who might have seen that she had not withdrawn her hand, that she could not meet his look, that her very coldness was in itself a confession and a fear; and might have—but did not—instead pulled his mustaches wrathfully, and dubbed himself of the order of Fools.

She, disappointed in not being contradicted, flushed suddenly and drew away her hand.

"There is Darwin Ashe," she said, pettishly "I want to go and ask about my letters." And with that she vanished.

Raymond stood looking after her.

He had thought himself so sure of her, and after all she had but used him. He had kept a little aloof, with a half-defined idea of making his loving more precious to her when he should at last confess it; but he had wholly loved and trusted her, and she— He burst out into a bitter laugh.

"Why, she is only a coquette after all; a little higher in thought, keen enough to see what truth and whiteness of soul might be, but like the rest at heart. And to think that I believed she loved me!"

Meanwhile Darwin Ashe, sitting in the cool outer hall, had kept his eyes on his paper, but his senses on the alert. He had heard and interpreted rightly Raymond's move, the sudden hush of the music, the low talking. When Esther came and sat down by him, with white cheeks and eyes aflame, he said to himself, "One of the two extremes." When Raymond passed them to join a group of girls, with an ostentatious avoidance of their point of the compass, he guessed which extreme it was. And so thinking, he listened to whatever nonsense she was pleased to utter with a quiet that was in itself a power. He would give her nothing but a curve of the lips or a half-uttered word for her poorly-forged smiles and counterfeit talk, till, urged silently by his will, she put off at last her false self, gave a little shiver, and on a sudden was pale and silent.

"You are not well," said Darwin. "You have shut yourself up all this week, and the consequences are those dark circles about your eyes and that look of languor. You need exercise. Go and get your burnous, or tell me where to find it. I am going to take you to ride."

A sort of blunt authority that, a week ago, three hours back even, would have been resisted. As it was, she turned toward him with something of the old spirit, but the flash and sparkle died out before the soft, steady look. The *main de fer* held her will already in its clasp, though felt unconsciously as yet, accounted for by that facile mountebank we call our Reason; thus—

"It was pleasant to be the object of even such authoritative care" (fatherly, of course, Darwin being five years her senior). "Why should she not go? There was no one else to care. No one had even seen that she suffered."

And so Raymond, cantering along the beach that afternoon, came on them suddenly, Esther seated on a rock cushioned with Darwin's cloak, he stretched lazily near her, the sea only neighboring them, utter solitude all about them. It was quite natural. It had all happened in a truly unavoidable way. She had not cared to talk, and Darwin was always content to wait for Fate; so they had ridden quite in silence till, out from a quiet, shaded lane, they came suddenly on the sea, rolling in on the rock-strewn beach a hundred feet below. Darwin had helped her down the breakneck path, and found a seat for her, but troubled her with no talking, and she, half forgetting that she was not alone, sat there, hushed by the rest and quiet of all about her, till Raymond passed them with a bow and a stern smile. Then she started, flushing scarlet, even called after him in her first hurry and confusion.

"It is too late," said Darwin.

"For what?"

"He will not hear you."

"Will not?"

"I mean, can not; he is gone."

"How strangely you look! I don't comprehend you."

"Nor I you."

Startled, half alarmed, Esther turned and looked into his eyes, but saw there only depths of blackness; he permitted not a gleam of his meaning to shine out in them.

"It is time to go back," she said, half uneasily.

"As you like—only we are losing the sunset."

"You will have an hour or so in which to dress."

"I shall not dress."

"Why to-night Mrs. Marly gives her reception."

"I shall not come down."

"You will."

"I tell you no—I have my reasons."

"Not so closely masked that I can't guess them; yet, believe me, you will come."

"Why do you think so?"

"If for no better reason, because I choose it."

"Now you have given me an additional motive to stay away."

"Still you will come."

"We shall see."

"Promise me the first waltz."

"I have not waltzed since—since—" She hesitated (but Darwin knew well enough how to fill the gap); and the doing so almost stung him out of his self-control.

"Well," he asked, sharply.

"*If* I come, I will waltz with you."

"So be it;" and with that they went home.

That night the drawing-rooms were silently expectant, the upper halls all enchanted, with the indiscretions of half-opened doors through which came out perfumes and whisperings, glimpses of little slippers, of black hair being massed in heavy coils, of bright hair brushed over cushions, fans and gloves sown among gilded bottles, and a general visitation of cloud-like things, fallen on snowy beds and across bright-flowered chairs; but by all these passed the fairy to the sullen door that shut in Esther in *peignoir* and toilet-slippers, making believe to herself that she was reading; and with an Undine-like tapping, these vanished as fairies ought when Esther came to open. Up and down the hall she looked in perplexity, saw at last at her feet a basket, only of moss, but in its centre broad green leaves, and the satin-smooth whorl of a cala lily; a fairy dropped it there, but the flower was guilty of no magic, unless it was that Raymond loved and preferred it; yet, when flowers were drooping wearily in loosened braids over the flushed cheeks of the dancers, came, or rather dawned, Esther Trevellian.

It was plain that she had never dressed herself after the brushing, powdering, and hooking-up style of ordinary mortals; but some sweet thought had compelled cloud and mist into her service, and she had floated down, not from the toilet-table, but some quiet, unknown land, all its calm and mystery yet in her eyes, and bringing with her its enchantment, hidden, perhaps, in the lily rising and falling with every beat of her heart.

The first eyes that met hers were those of Raymond Leighton, standing a little apart, and scanning her coldly, beating back the smile with which she had looked up at him with a look of bitterest anger, merciless scorn. Pale and stunned, she looked wildly about as if for help, and saw Darwin Ashe.

"You acknowledge yourself conquered," he said, softly; "remember the first waltz is mine."

She knew nothing about it, but as probably she had smiled some time in the past, perhaps then she had talked of waltzing; so she went with him passively. The first warning and solemn sounding of chords was done; the wave of waltz harmony was full upon them, and like foam on its crest, they floated with it from under the jealous eyes of Raymond; and as the passion of the music grew upon them he clasped her closer, and judging rightly that it was his hour, allowed at last the long-repressed fire to break through the outer crust of calmness, and made her—weak, helpless, despairing—feel in his look all the power of his will; and at last she saw how he had loved her, and with what quiet confidence he had waited, and with what relentless purpose he was using circumstances against her, and how he had sent the lily, not Raymond, and explanation was impossible, and— She was fainting, breathless, but his strong arm upheld her as if it had been wings, till they had crossed the hall and were in the dimly lighted reading-room alone, and she had sunk like mist from his grasp to the sofa; dreading him more in his changed aspect than when his eyes were burning in his meaning on her brain; for touch and tone had now the tenderness of a woman; and he was not asking, but calling her his, and she found in herself neither power nor courage to contradict him.

There are tidings that are not told but felt, and Esther's betrothal was of this nature. The knowledge of it was common property before half an hour was over; perhaps because Darwin chose thus to bind Esther a little more securely. Soon enough it reached Raymond's ears, and having heard it with such grief and anger as may be guessed, his evil genius sent him to the reading-room, where Esther had at last persuaded Darwin to leave her for a while alone.

She was sitting with her head bowed in her hands, and either did not hear him or mistook his step for Darwin.

He laid his hand lightly on the hair that he once had ventured to caress.

"Is it so bitter?"

She started, looked up, and eagerly held out her hands, but drew back instantly, turning red, as she had been deadly pale.

"You need not tell me," he said, seeing her pale lips move. "I know it already."

"But not—you do not know—"

"All the excuses that you could devise I have found for you. You see it is hard to condemn utterly what we have loved so well."

Twice as terrible as reproaches was this bitter anger that disdained all help from outward passion in demonstrating itself! Worse than all, this stern lamenting of love over dead faith and respect!

She shrank away from him, putting out her hands as if in deprecation.

"Raymond, you are killing me! You will never believe me now, but I loved you."

"Then I must think yet more meanly of you; for in that case your treachery is three-fold. You could at least have been true to yourself. You would have been, if your love had been worthy of the name."

"But—"

"Spare yourself. I did not come to reproach. The only blame is mine. If I mistook wax for pearl mine is the fault; and mine alone, I trust, the suffering."

"Hypocritical as well as cruel!" exclaimed Esther, passionately. "You can not, looking in my face, think that you suffer alone; and if you call me false, have you been true? Which came from your heart—the looks and words of these last weeks, or those of the first of this wretched summer? Surely if I am found guilty in your thought, you, of all men, have least right to cast the first stone at me!"

This was the farewell that he took with him; and, the first anger over, bitter thinking enough he found it. She, too, was haunted; night and day rang in her ears, "You could at least have been true to yourself; and you would have been, had your love been worthy of the name!" Daily her self-loathing grew more intolerable, Darwin's gifts and caresses more hateful; and at last she spoke out:

"I can not commit this sin! I will not marry you, Darwin Ashe!"

But he, long expecting some such outburst, did not think it worth his while to be discomposed, only drew her a little closer, saying quietly,

"I shall not release you. Do you think, when I have never once faltered in all the past, that I am going to waver now?"

"But I do not love you. I am growing to hate you."

"You will love me. Once mine, you will see the folly of further struggling, and I find such a wealth of tenderness for you in my heart that I have no fear. You might resist force, you can not love."

"I will appeal to my aunt."

"And she will be properly shocked. She is fully alive to the importance of being well rid of her grave and somewhat troublesome responsibility. Expect no help from her, or from any other. I have made sure of you."

A sudden light shone in her eyes.

"Have you bribed Heaven?" she asked.

Darwin was puzzled, and from henceforth kept her under quiet surveillance; breathing in an atmosphere of his waiting and watching, she seemed to have returned to her former state of passive resignation, till suddenly, three days before her marriage, she disappeared, leaving scarce so much trace behind her as vanishing mist.

On the New England coast is to be found a Sir Charles Coldstream of a village, that is always running after sensations to make sure that it is yet alive, and there befell it during this past year, when October was at its meridian glory, such fortune in the way of gossip as is not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

It happened that Mrs. Stapleton, leader of village ton in virtue of being its doctor's wife, celebrated mysteries technically known as a sociable, principally in honor of a Captain Leighton, an old friend of ours, on furlough in consequence of a serious wound, and visiting her son Bob, an old college classmate.

Now this past year had by no means been a softening one for Captain Leighton; one hard bitter thought had been his company keeper night and day. He had seen active service, plenty of it; wore a scar across his cheek more honorable than lovely, and altogether was a grimmer and more formidable personage than the Raymond we once knew, specially disliking women and their petting, and not a little wrathful against Fate, who had pursued him even to this obscure railway station with a "sociable;" a thing in this case consisting principally in a setting forth of elderly people, with a faint dotting of the next generation, to all of whom, if truth must be told, he bore himself somewhat surlily, till by the centre table he chanced to spy a slender figure in mourning, having a something familiar in the poise and arching of head and neck, and looking a little more earnestly, met a pair of startled eyes, and—

Captain Leighton sprang forward, crying, "Esther!" and the young person, a schoolmistress, a Miss Trevellian, fell fainting to the floor.

This was the next day's gossip, but there the story ended. Miss Trevellian preserved a discreet silence on recovering, and was taken home at once. Captain Leighton vouchsafed no explanation, perhaps he thought none necessary. I believe, however, that he took Bob into his confidence, and it was that gentleman who directed him to the Widow Bridgemain's house, where Esther lived; at any rate the next morning (fortunately it was Saturday) he was knocking at the little door at the head of the first narrow flight of stairs, his heart beating as it had never done when marching up to a battery.

Esther came herself to answer; possibly she was expecting him, for she neither started nor exclaimed, only gave him her hand with a rising flush and a slight trembling of the red lips; but this over, they did but poorly. Conversation dragged as heavily as Pharaoh's chariot-wheels, though it is evident to any sensible and unromantic person that they might have talked of the weather, the war, Raymond's wound, the sociable, any thing instead of pretending to sew, as Esther did, with eyes brimmed and blinded with tears, or looking pitifully about at the meagre little room, and the pale face with its look of sorrowful self-reliance like Raymond, till—"Esther, my poor child, what can have been your life?" he cried suddenly. "Oh, how much sharper must have been my self-reproach, could I have known how my stray lamb was solitary and homeless among strangers?"

"I have been very well here."

"Is it well to be utterly desolate?"

"My desolation is of my own making."

"Why that is the very echo of my brutality at our parting. Can you ever forgive me for that? Think, too, not twelve weeks ago, I still thought you wholly wrong, myself altogether injured. It was on the field, among the dead and dying, where I lay a day and night before they found me, that I first saw myself; guilty of falsehood, and cowardice, criminal, when you had been only weak; won back all the old sweetness of the thought of you, swore to myself to win you also, for in the light of my new revelation I felt sure that you had not married Darwin; fairly struggled out of the hands of Death, I do believe, because I was so determined to live and unsay what I once so cruelly and basely said. Yet I had almost commenced to despair, my darling. Your aunt had no traces of you, and hinted at suicide. I never dreamed my treasure was hidden here: only came because I half hated the world, which perhaps had you no longer in it."

From all this talk, at once so sweet and so hard to answer, Esther shrank at first, and, for the question half whispered at the end, found no other answer than to hide her crimson face on Captain Leighton's shoulder; but presently taking heart of grace, timid fingers began to stroke his hair, and a hesitating voice said, softly,

"Are you quite sure that you love me, Raymond, after all?"

"Surer than that I hold you to my heart. I am half afraid it is all a vision."

"It has been such a weary time!" says Esther, with a little sigh.

"I thought you had been very well here."

"Oh! that signified as well as I deserved."

"Ah!"

"What is that 'ah!' Translate, if you please."

"A sigh for our prodigality with our little patrimony of happiness. These moments are so sweet that I feel a miserly regret for those we have lost."

"Yes; but then—"

"Well, what?"

"I should never have known how very much—"

"Well?"

"I loved you."

With which reasoning, as Raymond was content, so will we be.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.


## THE CABINET IMBROGLIO.

THE battle of Fredericksburg produced its natural fruit in the shape of a Cabinet imbroglio. On 16th December a Senatorial caucus, headed, apparently, by Senators Sumner and Grimes, adopted a resolution of want of confidence in Secretary Seward, and requested the President to remove him. On the following day the resolution was amended so as merely to recommend "a partial reconstruction" of the Cabinet, without reference by name to Mr. Seward. The fact having been communicated to the Secretary, on Thursday, 18th, he placed his resignation in the President's hands. On the following day a Committee appointed at the caucus was received by the President and Cabinet, and a sharp discussion ensued, which terminated in the resignation of Secretary Chase. Some of the members of the Cabinet would appear to have been so careless of dignity as to defend themselves with warmth before the Committee, and this extraordinary meeting broke up in some confusion. Saturday and Sunday would seem to have been spent in negotiations between the ex-Secretaries, the President, and the malcontent Senators: and on Monday, 22d, the President notified Messrs. Chase and Seward that the public interest would not suffer him to accept their resignations. They accordingly repaired to their respective bureaus and resumed their labors. Thus ended an imbroglio which at one time threatened the unity of the North, and caused a decline of 5 per cent. in Government securities.

Looking at the matter as a whole, we confess that we are astonished at the impudence of the Senate. The Constitution confers upon them no more right to demand the resignation of an obnoxious secretary than to appoint a mayor for New York city. When they have confirmed an appointment, their function is complete. For the Senate to attempt to dictate to the executive, is at least as intolerable as it would be for the President to assume legislative power. Such an assumption on the part of the chief magistrate would expose him to impeachment. Are not Senators Sumner and Grimes equally culpable? Some one suggests that the action of the caucus was an attempt to engraft upon our political system the method of Parliamentary pressure by which, in Great Britain, obnoxious ministries are overthrown. It is unfortunate for this argument that, whereas in England this pressure is only applied to the case of ministers who lose the confidence of the people, it was in this instance sought to be used by a caucus for the overthrow of a Secretary whose popularity is greater than it ever was, and for the maintenance of a faction which has been overwhelmingly beaten at all the State elections. The verdict of the historian on this transaction will be—not that it was proposed to introduce a new and useful political method into our system—but that by an ingenious trick it was intended to satisfy the popular outcry for a victim by the

sacrifice of the least obnoxious member of the Cabinet. Senator Sumner has not improved his record by his share in the manœuvre; nor will the popularity of Senators Fessenden, Collamer, and the other members of the caucus be increased by the weakness with which they lent their aid to the conspiracy.

General Burnside's noble and generous letter will go far to silence this outcry. Though he does not explain why the pontoon bridges were not at Fredericksburg by 21st November, when General Sumner arrived there—which, after all, is the joint of the whole controversy—he assumes the entire responsibility of the battle, and sets at rest forever the current reports that he was ordered to cross the river by General Halleck or the President. For so much let us be thankful. Had Mr. Lincoln really ordered that movement, or suffered General Halleck to order it, the people of the North could have had no more confidence in their Government or their cause. It is a matter for profound congratulation that the terrible disaster which so thrilled the heart of the loyal North a week ago did not arise from any foolhardy recklessness of the Washington officials, but was an ordinary casualty of war, which does not appear to imply any want of generalship or prudence in Burnside, any lack of courage in our troops, any superiority of the rebels, or any thing but an adverse turn of Fortune's wheel.

## THE BANKS EXPEDITION.

BY the time this paper reaches our readers we may have intelligence of the arrival of the Banks expedition, which, as is now known by every one, is destined to operate in the Gulf. It is understood that the vessels are to rendezvous off Ship Island, for operations against Mobile, but whether the first landing will be made in the Bay of Mobile or the Bay of Pensacola is still matter of conjecture. The presumption, among parties who are usually well informed, is that the first landing will be made at Pensacola, from whence a good road leads overland to Mobile, the notion being that while Farragut assailed Fort Morgan, Fort Gaines, and the other naval defenses of the harbor, Banks would lead a column of 30,000 men overland to the attack of the city itself. Were such a combined attack planned with skill and executed with vigor Mobile would inevitably fall, unless, indeed, the rebel army in garrison there be much larger than has been supposed.

It need hardly be observed, however, that the capture of Mobile is only one of the objects which General Banks proposes to endeavor to accomplish in the Gulf. It has been stated in the papers that he is to replace General Butler at New Orleans; and in this event he would doubtless detach a strong column of troops to attack Port Hudson and Baton Rouge, while the M'Clernand expedition and the army of the Southwest were assailing Vicksburg. It is reported that he will have altogether under his command an army of 50,000 men—quite enough, in the hands of an able General, to accomplish any thing that may be required on the shore of the Gulf.

The rumors that he is to operate in Texas and watch the designs of the French in Mexico we believe to be without foundation. There is not the least reason for supposing that the French entertain any designs upon Texas or Louisiana. They have already on their hands an elephant of the largest dimensions in Mexico, and they are not likely to increase their stock of that breed at present. Nor is it probable that General Banks will waste any of his strength in hunting predatory rebels over the vast area of Texas, as their capture could not shorten, or their unmolested career prolong, the war for a single hour. The country to which he will attend lies north, not south of him.

A good deal of dissatisfaction has been expressed at the East at the dispatch of so large an army as General Banks's to the Gulf, when it might have co-operated efficiently with General Burnside in Virginia. Had General Banks gone up the James River, or struck at Weldon, it is said the Battle of Fredericksburg would have ended differently, and we might be on the high-road to Richmond. There is no little force in these objections, and if it were clearly shown that the capture of Richmond would prove more fatal to the rebellion than the permament opening of the Mississippi and the liberation of 2,000,000 bales of cotton, they would be unanswerable. As it is, however, it is by no means clear that the defeat of Lee's army and even the fall of Richmond would put an end to the war: whereas the complete reopening of the great river of the West, and the restoration of peace and commerce to the Mississippi Valley, would undoubtedly change the entire aspect of the contest. The Mississippi and its tributaries once more securely in our possession, cotton would go forth to silence foreign clamor, and restore the currency to a sound basis, copious supplies of Western food would revive the loyalty of the planters of the Southwest, and the isolation of Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas from the Confederacy would confine the slave empire within limits too contracted for a safe national existence. If a victory in Virginia would lead to results as important as these, then Banks might have been sent to Weldon; otherwise not.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MR. NOBODY, the party really responsible for the Fredericksburg disaster.

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Can you tell me, Jim, where they get so much corn for the manufacture into whisky?" "Why, no," says Jim, "but I can tell very well where the corn comes from after the whisky is made."

What do sailors do with the knots the ship makes in the day?

Tongues are apt to be unruly, for, as we can't see them, it is impossible to keep a watch on them.

When a provincial alderman named Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, when he wrote to this effect: "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

There are two classes of disappointed lovers; those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy who are disappointed after it."

The most tender-hearted man we ever heard of was a shoemaker, who always shut his eyes and whistled when he ran his awl into a sole.

The railing of a cross woman, like the railing of a garden, keeps people at a distance.

A gentleman was riding with a lady in an open carriage, "all of a summer's day," and accidentally—men's arms, awkward things, are ever in the way—dropped an arm around her waist. No objection was made for a while, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden (whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known) the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye, exclaimed, "Mr. Brown, I can support myself!" "Capital!" was the instant reply, "you are just the girl I have been looking for these five years—will you marry me?"

He who said that the half is often better than the whole, might have added that none at all is often better than the half.

"Bobby, what is steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right, compare it." "Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst."

A little girl was standing by a window, busily examining a hair which she had just pulled from her head. "What are you doing, my daughter?" asked her mother. "I'm looking for the number, mamma," said the child; "the Bible says that the hairs of our head are all numbered, and I want to see what number is on this one."

A woman has generally so much rigging about her, that, for the most part, she is the least part of herself.

A young lady from the country being invited to a party, was told by her city cousin to fix up and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau, "she looked so green in her country attire." The country lass looked comically into the face of her rather faded relative, and replied, "Better green than withered."

In the days of the old volunteers a respected inhabitant of Greenock commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded, though his recruits were but an awkward squad. They never would draw up in a straight line, do what he might. "Oh," he cried, one day, holding up his hands in horror as he looked along the front rank—"oh, what a bent row! Just come out, lads, and look at it yourselves!"

"I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse!"
"Sarve him right! Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?"

An anxious father had been lecturing his dissolute son, and, after a most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no signs of contrition, he exclaimed,
"What, no relenting emotion? not one penitent tear?"
"Ah, father," replied the hardened hopeful, "you may as well leave off 'boring' me; you will obtain no water, I can assure you."

"There's two ways of doing it," said Pat to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save two thousand dollars I must lay up a hundred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away ten dollars a year for two hundred years! Now which shall I do?"

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, December 17, in the Senate, bills to forfeit the pay of officers of the army when absent from duty, to improve the organization of the cavalry forces, and to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers and the inspection of convalescent camps and hospitals, were reported back by the Military Committee. The consideration of the bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners, and allowing judges of United States courts to take bail to secure their trial, was postponed till Monday, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for 1863, which was made the special order for Tuesday. A bill was introduced, amendatory of the Confiscation act, so that in all cases pending, or which may hereafter arise, wherein any ship, vessel, or other property may be condemned, the court rendering judgment shall, before making award, first provide for the payment of any *bona fide* claim filed by any loyal citizen or friendly foreigner, where proof of the claim shall be established. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The resolution referring the topics of the President's Message to the various committees was taken up. Mr. Noell, of Missouri, made a strong speech in support of the war policy of the Administration. At the conclusion of Mr. Noell's remarks the resolution was adopted, and the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 18th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into and report to the Senate the facts relative to the recent battle at Fredericksburg, Virginia, and particularly as to what officer or officers are responsible for the assault which was made upon the enemy's works; and also for the delay which occurred in preparing to meet the enemy. The bill to improve the organization of the cavalry force was passed; also the bill to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers from the army and for the inspection of convalescent camps and hospitals. The Bankrupt bill was taken up, and Senator Foster made an effective speech in favor of its passage. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, the Army appropriation bill, containing in the aggregate appropriations to the amount of $731,000,000 for the maintenance of the army for the year ending June, 1864, was passed by a vote of 107 to 3. An amendment to the bill was offered by Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, but rejected by the House, to the effect that none of the appropriations should be used for the benefit of runaway slaves, or for emancipating or colonizing them. The Naval Committee were instructed to report at an early day whether letters of marque ought not to be issued for the purpose of capturing or destroying the pirate vessel known as the "No. 290," or the *Alabama*, and other vessels of like character, now fitting out in the ports of Great Britain for the purpose of preying upon our merchantmen engaged in lawful commerce, and what further legislation, if any, is necessary for that purpose. The Judiciary Committee reported back the bill extending relief to loyal citizens for slaves wrongfully taken or abstracted, with the recommendation that it do not pass. After considerable debate the bill was laid on the table by a vote of 86 against 45. The remainder of the session was occupied with speeches and political topics.

On Friday, 19th, in the Senate, a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information relative to the Court of Inquiry upon the operations of General Buell in Kentucky was laid over. The memorial of the War Committee of New York, asking Congress to authorize the issue of letters of marque for the capture of the rebel cruiser *Alabama*, was presented. A bill granting pecuniary aid to Missouri for emancipated slaves was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The consideration of the resolution providing for a joint special committee on the subject of compensating States for the emancipation of their slaves was postponed. The bankrupt bill was then taken up, several verbal amendments adopted, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill to facilitate the discharge of disabled soldiers and the inspection of convalescent camps and hospitals was passed. The credentials of Mr. Flanders, the new member from Louisiana, were presented, and a motion offered that he be qualified. Mr. Vallandigham, however, objected, and the papers were referred to the Committee on Elections. The bill making appropriations for invalid and other pensions was passed. Mr. Stevens made an explanation as to the financial scheme recently introduced by him, saying it was his own act, without consultation with the Committee of Ways and Means or with the Secretary of the Treasury. He was opposed to the financial scheme of Mr. Chase. Joint resolutions thanking Lieutenant Commanding Morris, of the *Cumberland*, and Lieutenant Commanding Worden, of the *Monitor*, for their gallantry in the engagement with the *Merrimac*, were reported. These thanks are a necessary preliminary to the promotion of these officers.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, 22d, in the Senate, the Vice-President laid before that body a communication in response to the resolution of inquiry relative to the chartered vessels of the Banks expedition which had failed to fulfill the duties for which they were engaged. Resolutions were offered and adopted instructing the Naval Committee to inquire into the expediency of attaching the marine corps to the army, and requesting the Secretary of the Navy to give the Senate information in regard to captains and commanders in the navy, and in reference to the iron-clads *Housatonic* and *Passaic*. The resolution of inquiry relative to the alleged sending of Maryland troops into Delaware at the last election was discussed, but not finally disposed of, when the bill relating to the discharge of State prisoners was taken up, and Senator Lane, of Indiana, addressed the Senate on the subject, and was replied to by other Senators, after which the bill was postponed. The Senate then went into executive session, and on the opening of the doors adjourned.——In the House, the credentials of Mr. Hahn, Representative from the First Congressional district of Louisiana, were presented and referred. A resolution was presented and referred to the Military Committee inquiring of the Secretary of War what number of soldiers are now in service to whom pay is due, and why they have not been paid. A resolution looking to the restoration of peace was offered by Mr. Vallandigham, and laid over. A resolution was offered to place upon the Journal the protest of the thirty-six members against the bill recently passed, indemnifying the President and others for arrests and irregular proceedings. The resolution was tabled by 75 to 40. Bills were introduced in reference to governments for the Western Territories. The President was requested to inform the House, if compatible with the public interests, whether our Minister to Mexico has been using his influence in that country in favor of the French. The Ways and Means Committee were instructed to canvass the expediency of so amending the Tax law that newspapers with a circulation not exceeding twenty-five hundred shall be exempt from taxation. A bill was introduced and referred providing for the emancipation of slaves in the rebel States. A resolution was offered, but tabled, asking information of the President in reference to the alleged order of the Secretary of State warning the Fort Warren State prisoners against employing counsel. A resolution was passed declaring it as the opinion of Congress that the claims of soldiers and sailors should take precedence in settlement of all others. A resolution was offered proposing to give gold medals to the small heroic band who crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to clear that city of rebel sharp-shooters. It was referred to the Military Committee. The House agreed to adjourn from 23d till the first Monday in January. Some other business was transacted, and the House then adjourned.

### GENERAL BURNSIDE'S REPORT.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, FALMOUTH, December 19, 1862.

*Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief United States Army, Washington:*

GENERAL,—I have the honor to offer the following reasons for moving the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock sooner than was anticipated by the President, Secretary of War, or yourself, and for crossing at a point different from the one indicated to you at our last meeting at the President's:

During my preparations for crossing at the place I had first selected I discovered that the enemy had thrown a large portion of his force down the river and elsewhere, thus weakening his defenses in front, and also thought I discovered that he did not anticipate the crossing of our whole force at Fredericksburg; and I hoped, by rapidly throwing the whole command over at that place, to separate, by a vigorous attack, the forces of the enemy on the river below from the forces behind and on the crest in the rear of the town, in which case we could fight him with great advantage in our favor.

To do this we had to gain a height on the extreme right of the crest, which height commanded a new road lately made by the enemy for purposes of more rapid communication along his lines, which point gained, his positions along the crest would have been scarcely tenable, and he could have been driven from them easily by an attack on his front in connection with a movement in the rear of the crest.

How near we came to accomplishing our object future reports will show. But for the fog and unexpected and unavoidable delay in building the bridges, which gave the enemy twenty-four hours more to concentrate his forces in his strong positions, we would almost certainly have succeeded, in which case the battle would have been, in my opinion, far more decisive than if we had crossed at the places first selected. As it was, we came very near success.

Failing in accomplishing the main object, we remained in order of battle two days—long enough to decide that the enemy would not come out of his strongholds to fight us with his infantry—after which we recrossed to this side of the river unmolested without the loss of men or property.

As the day broke our long lines of troops were seen marching to their different positions as if going on parade. Not the least demoralization or disorganization existed.

To the brave officers and soldiers who accomplished the feat of thus recrossing the river in the face of the enemy I owe every thing.

For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the extreme gallantry, courage, and endurance shown by them were never exceeded, and would have carried the points had it been possible.

To the families and friends of the dead I can only offer my heart-felt sympathies; but for the wounded I can offer my earnest prayers for their comfortable and final recovery.

The fact that I decided to move from Warrenton on to this line, rather against the opinion of the President, Secretary of War, and yourself, and that you left the whole movement in my hands, without giving me orders, makes me responsible.

I will visit you very soon and give you more definite information, and, finally, will send you my detailed report, in which a special acknowledgment will be made of the services of the different grand division corps and my general and staff departments of the Army of the Potomac, to whom I am so much indebted for their support and hearty co-operation.

I will add here that the movement was made earlier than you expected; and after the President, Secretary, and yourself requested me not to be in haste, for the reason that we were supplied much sooner by the different staff departments than was anticipated when I last saw you.

Our killed amounts to eleven hundred and fifty-two; our wounded, to about nine thousand, and our prisoners to about seven hundred, which last have been paroled and exchanged for about the same number taken by us.

The wounded were all removed to this side of the river, and are being well cared for, and the dead were all buried under a flag of truce.

The surgeons report a much larger proportion of slight wounds than usual, 1632 only being treated in hospitals.

I am glad to represent the army at the present time in good condition.

Thanking the Government for that entire support and confidence which I have always received from them, I remain, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General commanding the Army of the Potomac.

### WHY GENERAL BURNSIDE RECROSSED THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Dec. 16—6 P.M.

*Major-General Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:*

The Army of the Potomac was withdrawn to this side of the Rappahannock River because I felt fully convinced that the position in front could not be carried, and it was a military necessity either to attack the enemy or retire. A repulse would have been disastrous to us under existing circumstances.

The army was withdrawn at night without the knowledge of the enemy, and without loss either of property or men.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding.

### THE VICTORY AT KINSTON.

The following was received on 20th at the head-quarters of the Army of the United States:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, KINSTON, N. C., December 14, 1862.

*Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:*

I have the honor to inform you that I left Newbern for this place on the 11th instant, but that, owing to the bad roads and consequent delays to my trains, etc., I did not reach Southwest Creek, five miles from this town, until the afternoon of the 13th instant. The enemy were posted there, but, by a heavy artillery fire in front and a vigorous infantry attack on either flank, I succeeded in forcing a passage, and without much loss.

This morning I advanced on this town, and found the enemy strongly posted at a defile through a marsh bordering on a creek. The position was so well chosen that very little of our artillery could be brought in play. The main attack, therefore, was made by the infantry, assisted by a few guns pushed forward in the roads. After a five hours' hard fight we succeeded in driving the enemy from their position. We followed them rapidly to the river. The bridge over the Neuse at this point was prepared for firing, and was fired in six places; but we were so close behind them that we saved the bridge.

The enemy retreated precipitately by the Goldsborough and Pikeville roads. Their force was about six thousand men, with twenty pieces of artillery.

The result is, we have taken Kinston, captured eleven pieces of artillery, taken four to five hundred prisoners, and found a large amount of quarter-master's and commissary stores. Our loss will probably not exceed two hundred killed and wounded. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

S. G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding.

### ANOTHER SOUTHWESTERN RAID.

Dispatches from Cairo state that a body of rebel cavalry, variously estimated at from two thousand to eight thousand, made a raid on the railroad, three miles from Jackson, Tennessee, on 20th. After firing into a train, they tore up the track for a considerable distance, and burned a long trestle work. The operator at Trenton reports an attack on that place. There has been considerable excitement at Columbus in anticipation of a rebel visit to that place.

### GENERAL BEAUREGARD INVITED TO NEW ORLEANS.

General Beauregard's wife is now lying dangerously sick in New Orleans, and General Butler has sent to General Beauregard a kind invitation to visit her, assuring him of every protection and courtesy during his melancholy errand of sorrow.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### ANOTHER EXPLANATION FROM MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the English Exchequer, has written another letter on the subject of the American war. He says he has not "expressed any sympathy" with the South, or "passed any eulogium on President Davis." He says he is "a much better friend to the North Americans than those who have encouraged and are encouraging them to persevere in their hopeless and destructive enterprise."

## ITALY.

### RESIGNATION OF THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

The Ratazzi Cabinet had been dissolved in Italy, and Victor Emanuel had failed to organize a Ministry up to the evening of the 6th inst.

## GREECE.

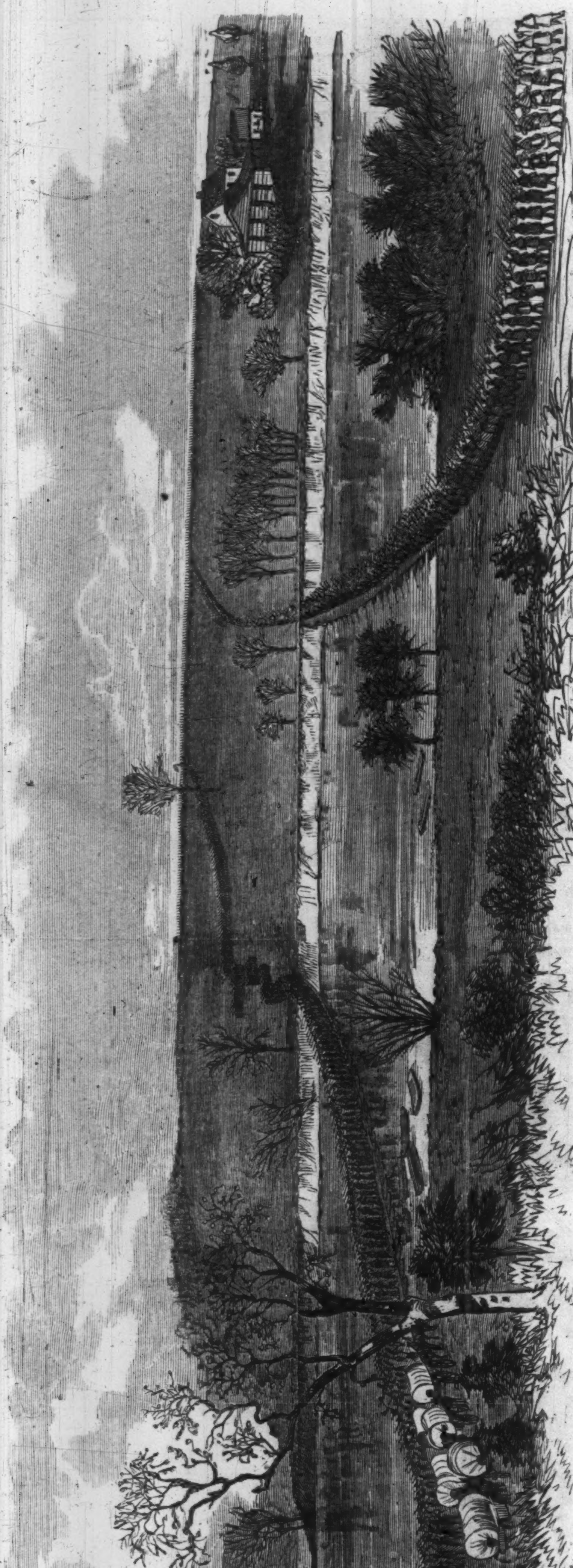
### THE ELECTION OF A KING.

The people of Greece commenced voting on the question of the election of a new king on the 4th inst. Prince Alfred, of England, had an immense majority of the votes given on the first day, and his election was considered certain. He had the support of the provisional government of Greece. The tone of the London press was in favor of his accepting the throne. The London *Times* says the event will annoy both France and Russia. This seems to be a rather serious aspect of the case; for it is said that Russia had already officially asserted that the principle of the treaty of 183[illegible]—which provides that no member of the houses of the three protecting Powers shall be king of the country—must be upheld.

THE ATTACK ON THE REBEL WORKS AT FREDERICKSBURG BY THE CENTRE GRAND DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, ON DECEMBER 13, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 6.]

FREDERICKSBURG ON THE NIGHT OF 11th DECEMBER, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 6.]

OUR SOLDIERS IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.—Drawn by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 6.]



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANKLIN'S GRAND DIVISION CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK ON 12TH DECEMBER, 1862.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. DAVIS.]

## IF!

AH, dearest, if our tears were shed
Only for our belovëd—dead!
Although our Life's left incomplete,
Tears would not be so bitter, sweet,
As now!—ah, no.

Ah, dearest, if the friends who die
Alone were those who make us sigh;
Although Life's current is so fleet,
Sighs would not be so weary, sweet,
As now!—ah, no.

If oft more pain it did not give
To know that our belovëd live,
Than learn their hearts have ceased to beat,
Grief would not be so hopeless, sweet,
As now!—ah, no.

## THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

WE publish on page 4 two pictures from sketches by Mr. A. R. Waud, representing respectively FREDERICKSBURG ON THE NIGHT OF 11TH, and the ATTACK ON THE REBEL WORKS BY THE CENTRE GRAND DIVISION ON DECEMBER 13TH; on page 5 an illustration of OUR TROOPS IN THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG, also from a sketch by Mr. A. R. Waud; and on this page a picture from a sketch by Mr. Davis, representing THE PASSAGE OF THE RIVER by General Franklin's Grand Division.

The following extract from the *Herald* correspondence will serve to explain the

### EVE OF THE BATTLE.

All the morning and afternoon the regiments comprising the Ninth army corps were in readiness to receive orders to cross the river. The men were prepared for a march, and had every thing with them in case they had to remain on the other side or to push forward. The sight presented by this vast number of men, all armed and in every respect ready for a battle at a moment's notice, was grand. Turn where you would and you encountered troops. In a hollow would be hidden a brigade, with their arms stacked, and the men lying on the ground resting themselves, while the officers would be collected together chatting over the result of the terrific cannonading and the chances of a great and decisive conflict; and on the open plains lines upon lines of stacked arms showed that the word need but be given, and in a twinkling thousands of eager and trusty hands would seize them and be ready for the fight. Quite a number of the regiments were encamped so close to the roadside that it was found unnecessary to take them from their camp, and they were permitted to remain there until about four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the bridges were just ready and the troops were expecting orders to march. They were then all drawn up in line, and every body was in his place. During the day the bands of the different regiments enlivened us all by performing national and operatic airs, which afforded a most striking contrast to the booming of the artillery and the sharp hissing of the shells as they rushed through the air on their mission of death.

### THE STREETS OF FREDERICKSBURG.

Mr. Waud's picture is well described in the following extract from the *Herald* correspondence:

No one could better understand what war is than by taking a stroll through the streets of the almost destroyed city of Fredericksburg. Turn where you will and your eye meets some evidence of the terrific fire that was hurled from our guns into the streets and dwellings. Nothing appears to have escaped. Roofs, walls, fences, trees, and chimneys are perforated; and in some instances to such an extent that the side of a house presents the appearance of a huge pepper-box, the holes are so numerous and regular, while immediately beside it are the smoking remains of what once was a stately dwelling. Some of the houses on the river-front are completely torn to pieces, and as one turned from one street to another the question would naturally rise to his mind—How could any thing remain here and live? And yet, strange to say, people did remain, and I have yet to learn of any casualty to those who did so. Quite a number, after the fashion of the citizens of Sharpsburg, took their families into the cellars of their houses, and there remained in safety. In one house I found about a dozen ladies and a few gentlemen. When we crossed they emerged from their place of refuge and received us with open arms. The majority of them are good Union people, and are not unknown to a number of our officers, who were here some months ago. I had but little opportunity of speaking to them. In all, I suppose some fifteen or twenty families remained, and I can not see what saved them all from one common destruction. Instead of looking for a house that has been struck, the difficulty is to find one that has not suffered more or less. The streets are piled with bricks from the chimneys, and in fact the city looks as if it wanted to be made all over again. The churches have wonderfully escaped, having been but partially injured, and the steeples are nearly as good as ever. The Bank of the State of Virginia was burned down, and I am very much surprised that the greater part of the city was not reduced to ashes, as the number of frame houses, one would suppose, would serve to spread the flames.

The street running along the river gave strong evidence of the intention of the rebels as to stopping our crossing. It was completely lined with rifle-pits, and stone fences were made to answer the same purpose. From behind these the sharp-shooters picked off our men, until compelled to retreat themselves.

The houses were nearly all empty of furniture, with the exception of some old chairs, tables, and the like. In one house was a good piano uninjured. Whatever remained in the buildings was soon in the possession of the soldiers, and as there was nothing of value, it was some little time before they were interfered with. Some ludicrous scenes were the consequences, the men arraying themselves in old hats, bonnets, etc., and parading the streets. This interfered with discipline, however, and an order was given that any one found with any article that was taken from a house should be at once arrested. General Patrick, the Provost Marshal, is deserving of great praise for his exertions in this respect. The men for a time took all they could lay their hands on, and tubs, rakes, baskets, and pots of all descriptions were carried away, to be thrown into the street at the next crossing. Tobacco appeared to be very plenty, and all the soldiers had their pockets and haversacks filled with it. It was quite a luxury to them, as they had been paying the robbing sutlers from two to three dollars a pound for wretched stuff.

In an inclosure on a corner I perceived the bodies of about a dozen men, who were lying there previous to being buried. They were all our own men, with one exception, and he was an aged man, to all appearance fully sixty years old. His dress was that of a citizen, and he had been shot while in the act of aiming his piece; for even in death his arms retained their position, and in his face was the mark of hate. Probably the old man, carried away by his passion, volunteered; but dearly he paid for his mistaken zeal. Our own men were properly interred, with their names and regiments placed over their graves.

### THE CHARGE.

The following graphic account of the attack is from the *Times* correspondence:

The time had now come to attempt an advance on the rebel position.

The orders were to move rapidly; charge up the hills and take the batteries at the point of the bayonet. Order, easy to give, but, ah! how hard of execution!

Look at the position to be stormed.

There is a bare plateau of a third of a mile, which the storming party will have to cross. In doing so they will be exposed to the fire, first, of the enemy's sharp-shooters, posted behind a stone wall running along the base of the ridge—of a double row of rifle-pits on the rise of the crest—of the heavy batteries behind strong field-works that stud the top of the hill—of a powerful infantry force now lying concealed behind these—of a plunging fire from the batteries on the lower range—of a double enfilading fire from "cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them." Sebastopol was not half as strong.

The line of battle was formed by Couch's Corps (the Second), composed of the Divisions of French, Hancock, and Howard, the left of the line abutting on Sturgis's Division of Wilcox's Corps (the Ninth). The first advanced was French's, composed of the brigades of Kimball, Morris, and Weber, supported by Hancock's Division, consisting of the brigades of Caldwell, Zook, and Meagher.

Forming his men under cover of a small knoll in the rear of the town, skirmishers were deployed to the left toward Hazel Dell; Sturgis, supporting at the same time, moved up, and rested on a point, on the railroad.

The moment they exposed themselves on the railroad forth burst the deadly hail. From the rifle-pits came the murderously-aimed missiles; from the batteries, tier above tier, on the terraces, shot planes of fire; from the enfilading cannon, distributed on the arc of a circle two miles in extent, came cross showers of shot and shell.

Imagine, if you can, for my resources are unequal to the task of telling you, the situation of that gallant but doomed division.

Across the plain for a while they swept under this fatal fire. They were literally mowed down. The bursting shells make great gaps in their ranks; but these are presently filled by the "closing up" of the line. For fifteen immortal minutes at least they remain under this fiery surge. Onward they press, though their ranks grow fearfully thin. They have passed over a greater part of the interval and have almost reached the base of the hill, when brigade after brigade of rebels rise up on the crest and pour in fresh volleys of musketry at short range. To those who, through the glass, looked on, it was a parlous sight indeed. Flesh and blood could not endure it. They fell back shattered and broken amidst shouts and yells from the enemy.

General French's Division went into the fight six thousand strong; late at night he told me he could count but fifteen hundred!

### FRANKLIN CROSSES.

The *Herald* correspondent thus describes how Franklin's Grand Division crossed the river:

The left Grand Division, commanded by Major-General Franklin, crossed on pontoon bridges about a mile below Fredericksburg. General Devens's brigade had the honor of the advance, and of occupying the ground during Thursday night. The Second Rhode Island regiment—of which General Burnside was once a member—led the brigade at a double quick, in gallant style, followed by the Tenth and Thirty-seventh Massachusetts regiments. The night passed quietly, and at daylight the main portion of the left wing commenced crossing, and continued till the whole were over. The morning was beautiful and the troops in fine spirits, and every thing looked propitious.

The enemy could be seen occupying a strong position upon a long range of hills about three miles back of Fredericksburg, intrenched as usual.

A more beautiful sight can not be imagined than our army presented as they were formed into line of battle, with the artillery in front, supported on either side by the infantry drawn up in columns by divisions, with General Bayard's splendid cavalry in the centre. General Reynolds's corps occupied the extreme left, with General Smith on his right. The enemy continued to maintain a strict silence, although they were in a position to see all our movements.

It was nearly two o'clock before our army was in readiness to advance when the Eighteenth and Thirty-second New York regiments were sent out in front of General Smith's corps as skirmishers, and also portions of the First New Jersey and First Pennsylvania cavalry. They had advanced only about half a mile when they came in contact with the skirmishers of the enemy, who slowly fell back, firing, wounding quite a number of our men. By the time our batteries had reached the position they intended to occupy darkness came on, and our troops slept upon their arms till morning without any fighting.

## SANTA CLAUS AMONG OUR SOLDIERS.

CHILDREN, you mustn't think that Santa Claus comes to you alone. You see him in the picture on pages 8 and 9 throwing out boxes to the soldiers, and in the one on page 1 you see what they contain. In the fore-ground you see a little drummer-boy, who, on opening his Christmas-box, beholds a jack-in-a-box spring up, much to his astonishment. His companion is so much amused at so interesting a phenomenon that he forgets his own box, and it lies in the snow, unopened, beside him. He was just going to take a bite out of that apple in his hand, but the sight of his friend's gift has made him forget all about it. He has his other hand on a *Harper's Weekly*. Santa Claus has brought lots of those for the soldiers, so that they, too, as well as you little folks, may have a peep at the Christmas number.

One soldier, on the left, finds a stocking in his box stuffed with all sorts of things. Another, right behind him, has got a meerschaum pipe, just what he has been wishing for ever so long.

Santa Claus is entertaining the soldiers by showing them Jeff Davis's future. He is tying a cord pretty tightly round his neck, and Jeff seems to be kicking very much at such a fate.

He hasn't got to the soldiers in the back-ground yet, and they are still amusing themselves at their merry games. One of them is trying to climb a greased pole, and, as he slips down sometimes faster than he goes up, all the others who are looking at him have a great deal of fun at his expense. Others are chasing a greased boar. One fellow thought he just had him; but he is so slippery that he can't hold him, and so he tumbles over on his face, and the next one that comes tumbles over him.

In another place they are playing a game of foot-ball, and getting a fine appetite for their Christmas dinner, which is cooking on the fire. See how nicely the soldiers have decorated the encampment with greens in honor of the day! And they are firing a salute to Santa Claus from the fort, and they have erected a triumphal arch to show him how welcome he is to them.

But Santa Claus must hurry up and not stay here too long; for he has to go as far south as New Orleans, and ever so far out West; so he says, "G'lang!" and away he goes through the arch like lightning, for he must give all our soldiers a Merry Christmas.

## OUR MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE accompanying MAP will enable our readers to understand the recent movements of our armies in North Carolina. General Foster has taken the little town of Kinston, North Carolina, on the Neuse River, and was at latest dates *en route* for Goldsborough, and perhaps Weldon. On the other side, the army of the Blackwater, which is commanded by General Dix, made a strong reconnoissance toward Zuni, evidently aiming at the same point—Weldon. We presume that time will develop this important strategical plan, and that the Generals in charge will be enabled to carry it out successfully.

## THE PORTER COURT-MARTIAL.

ON page 12 we illustrate the COURT-MARTIAL ON GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, which is now being held at Washington. The accused is being tried on various charges, the joint of which is disobedience of the orders of his commanding-officer, Major-General John Pope. General Pope charges that General Porter, by failing to move to his support at the hour mentioned, enabled the rebels to defeat him, and prevented his destroying them, as he would otherwise have done. General Porter claims that he did all that he could, and is in nowise answerable for the disasters of Pope's campaign. Additional interest is imparted to the trial by the circumstance that General Porter is identified more or less with the M'Clellan interest, and General Pope has enjoyed, and may still enjoy, the confidence of General Halleck. The members of the Court are Major-Generals Hunter, King, Hitchcock, and Casey, and Brigadier-Generals Ricketts, Garfield, Prentiss, Buford, Slough, and Lord. Judge Holt is Judge-Advocate. The accused is assisted by his counsel, Reverdy Johnson. General Pope is present watching the proceedings in citizen's dress.

## ONLY.

ONLY another sword
  Dripping with human blood;
Only another drop
  Swelling the crimson flood.

Only another tear
  Wiped from the face of time;
Only a brother dear
  Lost in his manhood's prime!

Smoothly the garments fold
  Over the silent breast.
Only another soul
  Gone to its dreamless rest!

## AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

"EVERY young man ought to enlist—*every* one!"

Letty Dallas flashed the blue light of her eyes, half smiling half scornful, upon Mr. St. Mayne as she spoke. A straight, lithe maiden, with black ripples of shining hair, and blue eyes, full of shadow, like late-blossomed violets, it was not in the nature of any male individual to endure her sprightly badinage unmoved. Yet Marcy St. Mayne only smiled as he stood quietly watching her.

"Are you so very anxious to secure volunteers, Miss Letty?"

"Anxious? of course I am! Come, Mr. St. Mayne, follow your brother's example, and turn soldier!"

St. Mayne smiled with provoking coolness.

"Oh, if I could only inspire you with a spark of *my* enthusiasm!" said Letty, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes. "What sacrifice wouldn't *I* make for the Banner of Stars!"

"Would you really sacrifice much?"

"Any thing—every thing!"

St. Mayne lifted his long dark lashes, and looked her full in the face with an expression she could hardly comprehend!

"Am I beginning to make some impression on that icicle nature of yours?" she laughed. "What bounty shall I offer? A ribbon? a smile? or a bouquet?"

"Letty!" said St. Mayne, calmly and deliberately, "I *do* require bounty—a bounty beyond money and beyond price!"

"What a solemn preface!" said Letty, lightly. "Well?"

"I will be your soldier, Letty, and fight as man never fought before, until your own lips bid me lay down the sword, if you will reward me, some day, with your own sweet self. *That* is the bounty I require!"

The deep crimson which had dyed her face turned suddenly to ashy whiteness—she leaned against the carved marble cupids of the mantle, that he might not see how she trembled.

"No, no! I can not! I can not! Any thing but that!" broke from her quivering lips.

"Pardon me!" said St. Mayne, "I see I have overestimated the amount of the sacrifice you are prepared to make for your country. You are willing that we men should baptize with our blood the steps that lead to Freedom's altar, yet *you* can not give up one idle dream, one girlish fancy, in its behalf. Do I seem harsh?" he added, as her eyes were raised appealingly to his face. "Nay, I did not mean it. There, Miss Letty, our negotiations shall be forgotten!"

"Stop, Mr. St. Mayne!" she said, folding her little hands so tightly together that the pink-tipped nails turned to rose leaves. "You are right in speaking bitterly of idle fancies. I accept your proposition—go, as my representative, on to the battle-field!"

His face lighted up with sudden brilliance.

MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE FIELDS OF OPERATIONS OF GEN. FOSTER AND THE ARMY OF THE BLACKWATER.

"And then?"

"And then—your devoirs shall not be unrewarded."

He took the cold hand tenderly in his.

"I will lay down my life, if need be, in token of my thanks," he said.

Over—it was all over! She had given up all that a woman holds dearest for her country's sake, yet she hushed the sobs that struggled up from her breaking heart, and tried to think she had done right. And then she took a tiny-folded paper from her bosom—only a playful note about some japonicas that Walter St. Mayne had once written her, and burned it, without daring to read its contents over.

"I can not lay down my life for the good cause," she moaned, "but I can yield up my life's happiness. When a soldier falls, shot through the heart, the pain is over; but oh! *mine* will ache on forever. Yet I should not repine—it is for my country."

White and silent, she sat there, while the sunset flamed through the silken purple folds of the curtains, and touched the dark old paintings with gold. Sweet, faint odors rose from the marble vases of heliotrope and roses in the bay-window—to Letty they seemed like the scent of those pale flowers that grow in cemetery shadows. And the gray, gray twilight came at last.

The night before the battle! St. Mayne never forgot the starry silence of the heavens without—the peculiar aromatic odor of the pine cones crackling on the stone hearth of the rude Virginia cabin—not even the ragged crevices in the log wall. He remembered them all as long as memory and life endured.

There was a light, elastic step on the threshold, a clink of spurs against the floor, and a tall, brown-faced officer stood beside him, laying a careless hand on St. Mayne's shoulder.

"Writing letters, Marcy? Don't lay them aside—there are no secrets between brothers."

"You are right," said St. Mayne; "there should be none. I am writing to my engaged wife."

Walter St. Mayne held out his hand in smiling congratulation.

"Engaged, old fellow! And never told *me*? But who is the lady?"

"Miss Dallas—our lovely little Letty."

"Dallas! Letty Dallas!"

Walter St. Mayne's head fell on his folded arms, both resting on the rude camp-table, and a low groan broke from his lips.

"Walter, are you ill?"

"No, not ill," stammered the young man, in a stifled voice. "Only I am tired, and these pine-cone fires have such a suffocating smell. Don't be uneasy. I shall be better soon. Go on writing to—to Letty Dallas."

St. Mayne looked at his brother's drooping head with a keen, agonized gaze. He asked no questions, but quietly folded away his papers, and sat regarding the fire until Walter St. Mayne looked up again.

"We are to fight to-morrow, they tell me, Walter," he said. "Well, I'm glad of it. But, Walter, if—" He paused a moment, then resumed, "if I fall, you will not forget the brother who loved you far better than his own life. Promise me that!"

And Walter promised, with his forehead resting on Marcy's shoulder, where it had often, often lain when they were both boys.

But Marcy St. Mayne did not fall. By his side, through all the din and tumult of battle, walked his unseen guardian-angel; and when he bore his young brother from the red field, a sabre-wound across his brow, the shout of "Victory!" sounded like a pæan in his ears.

The purple curtains were drawn to shut out the storm and darkness—the gilded clock ticked softly on the mantle of the room where Letty Dallas sat all alone, her dimpled cheek resting on her hand, while the unshed tears sparkled on her lashes brighter than any diamonds.

Suddenly the door was opened, and a servant announced "Lieutenant St. Mayne!"

She started up, pale and trembling; then he was come at last to claim her troth.

How changed he was as he stood before her—how the calm, steadfast brightness of his eyes perplexed her!

"Letty," he said, "by all the rules of love and war I am your captive."

She stood spell-bound in the magnetic light of his glance. "But," he added, "I wish to effect a change of prisoners."

"A change of prisoners?"

"Even so, dearest; and here is your other captive!" He stepped back, and Letty's wondering eyes fell on a tall young soldier, who had lingered in the shadow of the door-way—a handsome fellow, whose brown curls hid the fresh scar on his brow—her old lover, who had never dared to tell his love. Ah! he had grown braver *now*.

Well, true love is not exactly selfish but self-absorbed, and it was not until Walter rose to take leave, at the chimes of midnight, that they remembered that Marcy had slipped away long since.

The next day Letty received a little note, containing only the following words in Marcy St. Mayne's handwriting:

> "By the time you receive this, my dear little sister-elect, I shall be *en route* for camp once more, feeling sure that I may safely leave Walter to your nursing. Let me add that I have fought one battle for *you*, and I hope to fight many more for my country. M. ST. M."

And in the sunshine of her great happiness Letty Dallas never knew the everlasting eclipse that had come over Marcy St. Mayne's life!

CHRISTMAS EVE, 1862.—

862.—[See Page 14.]

## TO MY SOLDIER.

"May God love thee, my beloved; may God love thee!"
MRS. BROWNING.

WARM from my bosom I send you this,
Deep in my heart these thoughts were nursed,
And my lips have lovingly left a kiss
On the words that will meet your dear eyes first.

God and our Country have claimed you from me,
I mourn for your absence, but *will not* repine;
For, wherever your gallant step may be,
I know that your brave, true heart is mine.

Softly I whisper your name as I kneel,
Praying, "God love you! God shield you from harms!
Sickness or wounds may His tender hand heal;
Soon may He give you back safe to my arms!"

Darling, *I love you!* By night and by day
Sending my heart through the distance to you,
For our Country, her Flag, and MY SOLDIER I pray—
I love you, my darling! May God love you too!

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, *Dec.* 25, 1862.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

# NO NAME.

## BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

### CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

THE first objects of furniture in the room which attracted her attention were an old bureau of carved oak and a heavy buhl table with a cabinet attached. She tried the bureau first; it looked the likeliest receptacle for papers of the two. Three of the keys proved to be of a size to enter the lock, but none of them would turn it. The bureau was unassailable. She left it, and paused for a moment to trim the wick of the candle before she tried the buhl cabinet next.

At the moment when she raised her hand to the candle she heard the stillness of the Banqueting Hall shudder with the terror of a sound—a sound faint and momentary, like the distant rushing of the wind.

Had the sliding-door in the drawing-room moved?

Which way had it moved? Had an unknown hand pushed it back in its socket farther than she had pushed it—or pulled it to again and closed it? The horror of being shut out all night by some undiscoverable agency from the life of the house was stronger in her than the horror of looking across the Banqueting Hall. She made desperately for the door of the room. It had fallen to silently after her when she had come in, but it was not closed, She pulled it open—and looked.

The sight that met her eyes rooted her, panic-stricken, to the spot.

Close to the first of the row of windows, counting from the drawing-room, and full in the gleam of it, she saw a solitary figure. It stood motionless, rising out of the farthest strip of moonlight on the floor. In another instant it suddenly disappeared. In another she saw it again, in the second strip of moonlight—lost it again—saw it in the third strip—lost it once more—and saw it in the fourth. Moment by moment it advanced, now mysteriously lost in the shadow, now suddenly visible again in the light, until it reached the fifth and nearest strip of moonlight. There it paused, and strayed aside to the middle of the Hall. It stopped at the tripod, and stood shivering audibly in the silence, with its hands raised over the dead ashes, in the action of warming them at a fire. It turned back again, moving down the path of the moonlight—stopped at the fifth window—turned once more—and came on softly through the shadow, straight to the place where Magdalen stood.

Her voice was dumb; her will was helpless. Every sense in her but the seeing-sense was paralyzed. The seeing-sense—held fast in the fetters of its own terror—looked unchangeably straightforward, as it had looked from the first. There she stood in the door-way, full in the path of the figure advancing on her through the shadow, nearer and nearer, step by step.

It came close. The bonds of horror that held her burst asunder when it was within arm's-length. She started back. The light of the candle on the table fell full on its face, and showed her—Admiral Bartram.

A long gray dressing-gown was wrapped round him. His head was uncovered; his feet were bare. In his left hand he carried his little basket of keys. The right hand moved mechanically at intervals; waving to and fro before him in the air. He passed Magdalen slowly; his lips whispering without intermission; his open eyes staring with the glassy stare of death. His eyes startled her with a sudden knowledge of the truth. He was walking in his sleep.

The terror of seeing him as she saw him now was not the terror she had felt when her eyes first lighted on him—an apparition in the moonlight, a spectre in the ghostly Hall. This time she could struggle against the shock; she could feel the depth of her own fear.

He passed her, and stopped in the middle of the room. Magdalen ventured near enough to him to be within reach of his voice as he muttered to himself. She ventured nearer still, and heard the name of her dead husband fall distinctly from the sleep-walker's lips

"Noel!" he said, in the low, monotonous tones of a dreamer talking in his sleep. "My good fellow, Noel, take it back again? It worries me day and night. I don't know where it's safe; I don't know where to put it. Take it back, Noel—take it back!"

As these words escaped him he walked to the buhl cabinet. He sat down in the chair placed before it, and searched in the basket among his keys. Magdalen softly followed him and stood behind his chair, waiting, with the candle in her hand. He found the key and unlocked the cabinet. Without an instant's hesitation he drew out a drawer, the second of a row. The one thing in the drawer was a folded letter. He removed it, and put it down before him on the table. "Take it back, Noel!" he repeated, mechanically; "take it back."

Magdalen looked over his shoulder and read these lines, traced in her husband's handwriting, at the top of the letter: *To be kept in your own possession, and to be opened by yourself only on the day of my decease. Noel Vanstone.* She saw these words plainly, with the admiral's name and the admiral's address written under them.

The Trust within reach of her hand! The Trust traced to its hiding-place at last!

She took one step forward to steal round his chair, and to snatch the letter from the table. At the instant when she moved he took it up once more; locked the cabinet, and, rising, turned and faced her. In the impulse of the moment she stretched out her hand toward the hand in which he held the letter. The yellow candle-light fell full on him. The awful death-in-life of his face—the mystery of the sleeping body moving in unconscious obedience to the dreaming mind—daunted her. Her hand trembled and dropped again at her side.

He dropped the key of the cabinet into the basket, and crossed the room to the bureau, with the basket in one hand and the letter in the other. Magdalen put the candle back on the table and watched him. As he had opened the cabinet so he now opened the bureau. Once more Magdalen stretched out her hand; and once more she recoiled before the mystery and the terror of his sleep. He put the letter in a drawer at the back of the bureau and closed the heavy oaken lid again. "Yes," he said. "Safer there, as you say, Noel—safer there." So he spoke. So, time after time, the words that betrayed him revealed the dead man living and speaking again in the dream.

Had he locked the bureau? Magdalen had not heard the lock turn. As he slowly moved away, walking back once more toward the middle of the room, she tried the lid. Yes—locked. That discovery made, she turned and looked to see what he was doing next. He was leaving the room again with his basket of keys in his hand. When her first glance overtook him he was crossing the threshold of the door.

Some inscrutable fascination possessed her; some mysterious attraction drew her after him in spite of herself. She took up the candle and followed him mechanically as if she too were walking in her sleep. One behind the other, in slow and noiseless progress, they crossed the Banqueting Hall. One behind the other they passed through the drawing-room, and along the corridor, and up the stairs. She followed him to his door. He went in and shut it behind him softly. She stopped and looked toward the truckle-bed. It was pushed aside at the foot some little distance away from the bedroom door. Who had moved it? She held the candle close and looked toward the pillow with a sudden curiosity and a sudden doubt.

The truckle-bed was empty.

The discovery startled her for the moment, and for the moment only. Plain as the inferences were to be drawn from it, she never drew them. Her mind, slowly recovering the exercise of its faculties, was still under the influence of the earlier and the deeper impressions produced on it. Her mind followed the admiral into his room, as her body had followed him across the Banqueting Hall.

Had he laid down again in his bed? Was he still asleep? She listened at the door. Not a sound was audible in the room. She tried the door, and, finding it not locked, softly opened it a few inches, and listened again. The rise and fall of his low, regular breathing instantly caught her ear. He was still asleep.

She went into the room, and, shading the candle-light with her hand, approached the bedside to look at him. The dream was past; the old man's sleep was deep and peaceful; his lips were still; his quiet hand was laid over the coverlet in motionless repose. He lay with his face turned toward the right-hand side of the bed. A little table stood there within reach of his hand. Four objects were placed on it—his candle, his matches, his customary night-drink of lemonade, and his basket of keys.

The idea of possessing herself of his keys that night (if an opportunity offered when the basket was not in his hand) had first crossed her mind when she saw him go into his room. She had lost it again, for the moment, in the surprise of discovering the empty truckle-bed. She now recovered it the instant the table attracted her attention. It was useless to waste time in trying to choose the one key wanted from the rest—the one key was not well enough known to her to be readily identified. She took all the keys from the table, in the basket as they lay, and noiselessly closed the door behind her on leaving the room.

The truckle-bed, as she passed it, forced itself again on her attention. After a moment's thought she moved the foot of the bed back to its customary position across the door. Whether he was in the house or out of it, the veteran might return to his deserted post at any moment. If he saw the bed moved from its usual place he might suspect something wrong—he might rouse his master—and the loss of the keys might be discovered. As she descended the stairs the fear of a sudden meeting with old Mazey was so vividly present to her that she carried the little basket close at her side, half hidden in the folds of her dress.

Nothing happened on the stairs; nothing happened in the corridor—the house was as silent and as solitary as ever. She crossed the Banqueting Hall this time without hesitation; the events of the night had hardened her mind against all imaginary terrors. "Now I have got it!" she whispered to herself, in an irrepressible outburst of exultation as she entered the first of the east rooms, and put her candle on the top of the old bureau.

Even yet there was a trial in store for her patience. Some minutes elapsed, minutes that seemed hours, before she found the right key and raised the lid of the bureau. At last she drew out the inner drawer! At last she had the letter in her hand!

It had been sealed, but the seal was broken. She opened it on the spot to make sure that she had actually possessed herself of the Trust before leaving the room. The end of the letter was the first part of it she turned to. It came to its conclusion high on the third page, and it was signed by Noel Vanstone. Below the name these lines were added in the admiral's handwriting:

"This letter was received by me, at the same time with the will of my friend, Noel Vanstone. In the event of my death, without leaving any other directions respecting it, I beg my nephew and my executors to understand that I consider the requests made in this document as absolutely binding on me.—ARTHUR EVERARD BARTRAM."

She left these lines unread. She just noticed that they were not in Noel Vanstone's handwriting; and, passing them over instantly, as immaterial to the object in view, turned the leaves of the letter, and transferred her attention to the opening sentences on the first page.

She read these words:

"DEAR ADMIRAL BARTRAM,—When you open my Will (in which you are named my sole executor), you will find that I have bequeathed the whole residue of my estate—after payment of one legacy of five thousand pounds—to yourself. It is the purpose of my letter to tell you privately what the object is for which I have left you the fortune which is now placed in your hands.

"I beg you to consider this large legacy as intended—"

She had proceeded thus far, with breathless curiosity and interest, when her attention suddenly failed her. Something—she was too deeply absorbed to know what—had got between her and the letter. Was it a noise? She looked over her shoulder at the door behind her, and listened. Nothing was to be heard: nothing was to be seen. She returned to the letter.

The writing was cramped and close. In her impatient curiosity to read more she failed to find the lost place again. Her eyes, mechanically, attracted by a blot, lighted on a sentence lower in the page than the sentence at which she had left off. The first three words she saw riveted her attention anew—they were the first words she had met with in the letter which directly referred to George Bartram. In the sudden excitement of that discovery she read the rest of the sentence eagerly before she made any second attempt to return to the lost place:

"If your nephew fails to comply with these conditions—that is to say, if being either a bachelor or a widower at the time of my decease, he fails to marry in all respects as I have here instructed him to marry, within Six calendar months from that time—it is my desire that he shall not receive—"

She had read to that point, to that last word, and no farther—when a Hand passed suddenly from behind her, between the letter and her eye, and gripped her fast by the wrist in an instant. She turned with a shriek of terror, and found herself face to face with old Mazey.

The old sailor's eyes were bloodshot; his hand was heavy; his list slippers were twisted crookedly on his feet; and his body swayed to and fro on his widely-parted legs. If he had tested his condition that night by the unfailing criterion of the model ship, he must have inevitably pronounced sentence on himself in the usual form: "Drunk again, Mazey; drunk again."

"You young Jezabel!" said the veteran, with a leer on one side of his face, and a frown on the other. "The next time you take to night-walking in the neighborhood of Freeze-your-Bones use those sharp eyes of yours first, and make sure there's nobody else night-walking in the garden outside. Drop it, Jezabel! drop it!"

Keeping fast hold of Magdalen's arm with one hand he took the letter from her with the other, put it back into the open drawer, and locked the bureau. She never struggled with him, she never spoke. Her energy was gone; her powers of resistance were crushed. The terrors of that horrible night, following one close on the other in reiterated shocks, had struck her down at last. She yielded as submissively, she trembled as helplessly, as the weakest woman living.

Old Mazey dropped her arm and pointed with drunken solemnity to a chair in an inner corner of the room. She sat down, still without uttering a word. The veteran (breathing very hard over it) steadied himself on both elbows against the slanting top of the bureau, and from that commanding position addressed Magdalen once more.

"Come and be locked up!" said old Mazey, wagging his venerable head with judicial severity. "There'll be a court of inquiry to-morrow morning; and I'm witness—worse luck!—I'm witness. You young jade, you've committed burglary—that's what you've done. His honor the admiral's keys stolen; his honor the admiral's desk ransacked; and his honor the admiral's private letters broke open. Burglary! Burglary! Come and be locked up!" He slowly recovered an upright position with the assistance of his hands, backed by the solid resisting power of the bureau, and lapsed into lachrymose soliloquy. "Who'd have thought it?" said old Mazey, paternally watering at the eyes. "Take the outside of her, and she's as straight as a poplar; take the inside of her, and she's as crooked as Sin. Such a fine-grown girl, too. What a pity! what a pity!"

"Don't hurt me!" said Magdalen, faintly, as old Mazey staggered up to the chair and took her by the wrist again. "I'm frightened, Mr. Mazey—I'm dreadfully frightened."

"Hurt you?" repeated the veteran. "I'm a deal too fond of you—and more shame for me at my age!—to hurt you. If I let go of your wrist will you walk straight before me where I can see you all the way? Will you be a good girl, and walk straight up to your own door?"

Magdalen gave the promise required of her—gave it with an eager longing to reach the refuge of her room. She rose and tried to take the candle from the bureau, but old Mazey's cunning hand was too quick for her. "Let the candle be," said the veteran, winking in momentary forgetfulness of his responsible position. "You're a trifle quicker on your legs than I am, my dear, and you might leave me in the lurch if I don't carry the light."

They returned to the inhabited side of the house. Staggering after Magdalen, with the basket of keys in one hand and the candle in the other, old Mazey sorrowfully compared her figure with the straightness of the poplar, and her disposition with the crookedness of Sin, all the way across "Freeze-your-Bones," and all the way up stairs to her own door. Arrived at that destination, he peremptorily refused to give her the candle until he had first seen her safely inside the room. The conditions being complied with he resigned the light with one hand and made a dash with the other at the key—drew it from the inside of the lock, and instantly closed the door. Magdalen heard him outside chuckling over his own dexterity, and fitting the key into the lock again with infinite difficulty. At last he secured the door with a deep grunt of relief. "There she is, safe!" Magdalen heard him say, in regretful soliloquy. "As fine a girl as ever I set my eyes on. What a pity! what a pity!"

The last sounds of his voice died out in the distance, and she was left alone in her room.

Holding fast by the baluster old Mazey made his way down to the corridor on the second floor, in which a night-light was always burning. He advanced to the truckle-bed, and, steadying himself against the opposite wall, looked at it attentively. Prolonged contemplation of his own resting-place for the night apparently failed to satisfy him. He shook his head ominously, and taking from the side-pocket of his great-coat a pair of old patched slippers, surveyed them with an aspect of illimitable doubt. "I'm all abroad to-night," he mumbled to himself. "Troubled in my mind—that's what it is—troubled in my mind."

The old patched slippers and the veteran's existing perplexities happened to be intimately associated, one with the other, in the relation of cause and effect. The slippers belonged to the admiral, who had taken one of his unreasonable fancies to this particular pair, and who still persisted in wearing them long after they were unfit for his service. Early that afternoon old Mazey had taken the slippers to the village cobbler to get them repaired on the spot before his master called for them the next morning. He sat superintending the progress and completion of the work until evening came, when he and the cobbler betook themselves to the village inn to drink each other's healths at parting. They had prolonged this social ceremony till far into the night; and they had parted, as a necessary consequence, in a finished and perfect state of intoxication on either side.

If the drinking-bout had led to no other result than those night wanderings in the grounds of St. Crux, which had shown old Mazey the light in the east windows, his memory would unquestionably have presented it to him the next morning in the light of one of the praiseworthy achievements of his life. But another consequence had sprung from it which the old sailor now saw dimly through the interposing bewilderment left in his brain by the drink. He had committed a breach of discipline, and a breach of trust. In plainer words, he had deserted his post.

The one safeguard against Admiral Bartram's constitutional tendency to somnambulism was the watch and ward which his faithful old servant kept outside the door. No entreaties had ever prevailed on him to submit to the usual precaution taken in such cases. He peremptorily declined to be locked into his room; he even ignored his own liability, whenever a dream disturbed him, to walk in his sleep. Over and over again old Mazey had been roused by his master's attempts to push past the truckle-bed, or to step over it, in his sleep; and over and over again, when he had reported the fact the next morning, the admiral had declined to believe him. As the old sailor now stood, staring in vacant inquiry at his master's door, these incidents of the past rose confusedly on his memory, and forced on him the serious question whether the admiral had left his room during the earlier hours of the night? If by any mischance the sleep-walking fit had seized him, the slippers in old Mazey's hand pointed straight to the startling conclusion that followed—his master must have passed barefoot in the cold night, over the stone stairs and passages of St. Crux. "Lord send he's been quiet," muttered old Mazey, daunted, bold as he

was and drunk as he was, by the bare contemplation of that prospect. "If his honor's been walking to-night it will be the death of him!"

He roused himself for the moment by main force—strong in his dog-like fidelity to the admiral, though strong in nothing else—and fought off the stupor of the drink. He looked at the bed with steadier eyes and a clearer mind. Magdalen's precaution in returning it to its customary position presented it to him necessarily in the aspect of a bed which had never been moved from its place. He next examined the counterpane carefully. Not the faintest vestige appeared of the indentation which must have been left by footsteps passing over it. There was the plain evidence before him—the evidence recognizable at last by his own bewildered eyes—that the admiral had never moved from his room. "I'll take the Pledge to-morrow!" mumbled old Mazey, in an outburst of grateful relief. The next moment the fumes of the liquor flowed back insidiously over his brain, and the veteran, returning to his customary remedy, paced the passage in zigzag as usual, and kept watch on the deck of an imaginary ship.

Soon after sunrise Magdalen suddenly heard the grating of the key from the outside in the lock of the door. The door opened, and old Mazey reappeared on the threshold. The first fever of his intoxication had cooled, with time, into a mild penitential glow. He breathed harder than ever, in a succession of low growls, and wagged his venerable head at his own delinquencies without intermission.

"How are you now, you young land-shark in petticoats?" inquired the veteran. "Has your conscience been quiet enough to let you go to sleep?"

"I have not slept," said Magdalen, drawing back from him in doubt of what he might do next. "I have no remembrance of what happened after you locked the door; I think I must have fainted. Don't frighten me again, Mr. Mazey! I feel miserably weak and ill. What do you want?"

"I want to say something serious," replied old Mazey, with impenetrable solemnity. "It's been on my mind to come here and make a clean breast of it for the last hour or more. Mark my words, young woman. I'm going to disgrace myself."

Magdalen drew further and further back, and looked at him in rising alarm.

"I know my duty to his honor the admiral," proceeded old Mazey, waving his hand drearily in the direction of his master's door. "But try as hard as I may, I can't find it in my heart, you young jade, to be witness against you. I liked the make of you (specially about the waist) when you first came into the house, and I can't help liking the make of you still, though you *have* committed burglary, and though you *are* as crooked as Sin. I've cast the eyes of indulgence on fine-grown girls all my life, and it's too late in the day to cast the eyes of severity on 'em now. I'm seventy-seven or seventy-eight, I don't rightly know which. I'm a battered old hulk, with my seams opening, and my pumps choked, and the waters of Death powering in on me as fast as they can. I'm as miserable a sinner as you'll meet with any where in these parts—Thomas Nagle, the cobbler, only excepted; and he's worse than I am, for he's the youngest of the two, and he ought to know better. But the long and the short of it is, I shall go down to my grave with an eye of indulgence for a fine-grown girl. More shame for me, you young Jezebel—more shame for me!"

The veteran's unmanageable eyes began to leer again in spite of him, as he concluded his harangue in these terms: the last reserves of austerity left in his face intrenched themselves dismally round the corners of his mouth. Magdalen approached him again, and tried to speak. He solemnly motioned her back again with another dreary wave of his hand.

"No carneying!" said old Mazey; "I'm bad enough already without that. It's my duty to make my report to his honor the admiral, and I *will* make it. But if you like to give the house the slip before the burglary's reported and the court of inquiry begins—I'll disgrace myself by letting you go. It's market morning at Ossory, and Dawkes will be driving the light cart over in a quarter of an hour's time. Dawkes will take you if I ask him. I know my duty—my duty is to turn the key on you, and see Dawkes damned first. But I can't find it in my heart to be hard on a fine girl like you. It's bred in the bone, and it wunt come out of the flesh. More shame for me, I tell you again—more shame for me!"

The proposal thus strangely and suddenly presented to her took Magdalen completely by surprise. She had been far too seriously shaken by the events of the night to be capable of deciding on any subject at a moment's notice. "You are very good to me, Mr. Mazey," she said. "May I have a minute by myself to think?"

"Yes, you may," replied the veteran, facing about forthwith and leaving the room. "They're all alike," proceeded old Mazey, with his head still running on the sex. "Whatever you offer 'em they always want something more. Tall and short, native and foreign, sweet-hearts and wives—they're all alike!"

Left by herself, Magdalen reached her decision with far less difficulty than she had anticipated.

If she remained in the house there were only two courses before her—to charge old Mazey with speaking under the influence of a drunken delusion, or to submit to circumstances. Though she owed to the old sailor her defeat in the very hour of success, his consideration for her at that moment forbade the idea of defending herself at his expense—even supposing, what was in the last degree improbable, that the defense would be credited. In the second of the two cases (the case of submission to circumstances), but one result could be expected—instant dismissal; and, perhaps, discovery as well. What object was to be gained by braving that degradation—by leaving the house publicly disgraced in the eyes of the servants who had hated and distrusted her from the first? The accident which had literally snatched the Trust from her possession when she had it in her hand was irreparable. The one apparent compensation under the disaster—in other words, the discovery that the Trust actually existed, and that George Bartram's marriage within a given time was one of the objects contained in it—was a compensation which could only be estimated at its true value by placing it under the light of Mr. Loscombe's experience. Every motive of which she was conscious was a motive which urged her to leave the house secretly, while the chance was at her disposal. She looked out into the passage and called softly to old Mazey to come back.

"I accept your offer thankfully, Mr. Mazey," she said. "You don't know what hard measure you dealt out to me when you took that letter from my hand. But you did your duty; and I can be grateful to you for sparing me this morning, hard as you were on me last night. I am not such a bad girl as you think me—I am not, indeed."

Old Mazey dismissed the subject with another dreary wave of his hand.

"Let it be," said the veteran; "let it be! It makes no difference, my girl, to such an old rascal as I am. If you were fifty times worse than you are I should let you go all the same. Put on your bonnet and shawl and come along. I'm a disgrace to myself and a warning to others—that's what I am. No luggage, mind! Leave all your rattletraps behind you, to be overhauled, if necessary, at his honor the admiral's discretion. I can be hard enough on your boxes, you young Jezebel, if I can't be hard on *you*."

With those words old Mazey led the way out of the room. "The less I see of her the better—especially about the waist," he said to himself, as he hobbled down stairs with the help of the balusters.

The cart was standing in the back-yard when they reached the lower regions of the house, and Dawkes (otherwise the farm-bailiff's man) was fastening the last buckle of the horse's harness. The hoar-frost of the morning was still white in the shade. The sparkling points of it glistened brightly on the shaggy coats of Brutus and Cassius as they idled about the yard, waiting, with steaming mouths and slowly-wagging tails, to see the cart drive off. Old Mazey went out alone and used his influence with Dawkes, who, staring in stolid amazement, put a leather cushion for his fellow-traveler on the cart-seat. Shivering in the sharp morning air, Magdalen waited while the preliminaries of departure were in progress, conscious of nothing but a giddy bewilderment of thought and a hopeless suspension of feeling. The events of the night confused themselves hideously with the trivial circumstances passing before her eyes in the court-yard. She started with the sudden terror of the night when old Mazey reappeared to summon her out to the cart. She trembled with the helpless confusion of the night when the veteran cast the eyes of indulgence on her for the last time, and gave her a kiss on the cheek at parting. The next minute she felt him help her into the cart and pat her on the back. The next she heard him tell her, in a confidential whisper, that, sitting or standing, she was as straight as a poplar, either way. Then there was a pause, in which nothing was said and nothing done; and then the driver took the reins in hand and mounted to his place.

She roused herself at the parting moment and looked back. The last sight she saw at St. Crux was old Mazey wagging his head in the court-yard, with his fellow-profligates, the dogs, keeping time to him with their tails. The last words she heard were the words in which the veteran paid his farewell tribute to her charms:

"Burglary or no burglary," said old Mazey, "she's a fine-grown girl, if ever there was a fine one yet! What a pity! what a pity!"

THE END OF THE SEVENTH SCENE.

## ON THE ANTIETAM.

"I'LL make you sorry for that! The fighting's fair enough; but I'm no more a dog than you are, and you shall pay for it if it takes years to do it—see if you don't!"

It was Jack Middleton who yelled out this, as, bruised and bleeding, he reeled away from Drake Porter, who had let him up with some contemptuous remark about "soiling his hands," seconded by our insulting laughter, for boyish sense of justice is not keen, and I doubt if it ever occurred to any of us that any thing from the "back street" had feelings and passions like unto ourselves. Feud had long existed between what was known in boys' parlance as the "back-streeters" and "ours;" the "back-streeters" pouring forth from two or three wretched tenement buildings in our rear, and "ours" being represented by the children of the well-to-do row of houses between —d and —th Avenues in ——th Street.

Extremes met here indeed, but only with blows; the "back-streeters" evidently regarding overcoats and whole pairs of shoes as so many direct injuries, while we considered their very unkempt existence as an impertinence, and with sticks and fists and stones, at every corner, and in every alley, whenever and wherever we were unlucky enough to meet, fought out Society's old quarrel. At such times Drake acted as our leader, fighting with an earnest fury that made all fly before him, unless I except Jack Middleton, the back-street leader, and the opposite type of Porter; olive-skinned, black-eyed, squarely built, opposing steady, dogged resistance to Drake's *élan*, and undismayed by the fact of being whipped seven times out of nine, coming up to every battle with a cold perseverance that I never saw warmed to fury but on the occasion above quoted.

The threat, however, was but little regarded—hardly remembered, except as a jest; and soon after, being sent off to school, the back street and its brawls were fast being forgotten, when, oddly enough, Middleton turned up in our very midst—no longer as a New York Bedouin, but as the nephew of a wealthy South Carolinian, who had traced, found him out, and adopted him. Rid of his rags and his hang-dog manner, I have really never seen a finer-looking boy; and gradually sprung up between him and Drake a curious rivalry (the result, doubtless, of a nearly equal balance of faculties), developing itself in the lecture-room, the gymnasium, with the girls of the neighboring seminary, wherever they came in contact; and daily growing in bitterness till we were again separated, he going to a Southern university, and we living very much after the ordinary New York fashion, till the war broke out.

Nearly all the ——th Street boys were in our regiment—Spaulding, Elliott, Davis, and, best of all, Drake Porter, Captain of our Company, and on the high-road to a well-deserved promotion. It was the 17th of September, the day of the battle of Sharpsburg. Already Monday and a part of Tuesday we had spent facing the enemy, talking to them occasionally with our guns, and answered emphatically by their batteries. As usual, they had the chronic advantage of position, being stationed behind the crest of a hill, and separated from us by the Antietam, sweeping along at their base, and too deep to be forded except in one or two places. The country between was broken, mostly plowed land, sometimes covered with high, growing corn, and terribly cut up with ravines and passes; and, with their usual touching faith in "the strongest battalions," the rebels were assembled in force, having brought troops from Hagarstown and Harper's Ferry. We had crossed the creek about four o'clock, and after some tolerably sharp skirmishing had fairly carried and taken possession of the woods from whence they had first fired at us. So we were all in famous spirits, with the exception of Drake, who was curiously grave and silent. Before lying down for the night he gave me a little packet.

"There are letters for Belle and mother, a ring, and some other trifles. If any thing happens to me you will see to them."

To which I assented briefly enough, I fancy, being much too careful of my sleeping-time to waste any of it in talking. It was midnight already, and every few minutes there was an alarm of some sort: one time it was the rebels shooting each other—by way of practice, I suppose; at another it was picket-fighting; again they were bringing in half a dozen sulky Confederates; altogether it hardly seemed that we had slept half an hour when the battle began.

As the rebel fire slackened the first line went on to the woods with a cheer and a rush, only to be beaten back by the heaviest volleys with which they had favored us yet; and then out poured the rebels, swarming like bees, in masses, not in columns, flowing out over the field, and forcing back the second brigade by sheer superiority of numbers. We could see it all plainly enough; and let me tell you, reading lists of names and seeing the men with whom you have lived familiarly shot down before your eyes stirs the blood in a widely different way.

And it was with a "Thank God!" that we heard the signal to advance. Down the hill we went on a run, making straight for the corn-field. Half way there Spaulding fell; a little further on Elliott and Manvers. Manvers was Drake's cousin; Elliott was to have married my sister Jessie—but there was no time for mourning then. We were close upon the rebels, fighting hand to hand; and they fought us like tigers, and held to every inch of ground with a stubbornness unequaled. When we took our stand on the ridge they came at us again and again, with such a dash as seemed as if it must carry all before them. Our guns thundered away nobly on our right; but they had a battery that the archfiend himself couldn't have planted so as to rake us more effectually, while their sharp-shooters picked us off from the woods beyond very much at their ease. We saw nothing of the promised assistance, and our ammunition was giving out, and, tired of waiting, we began to go down into the corn; and just then Doubleday had stopped that confounded battery, and the rebels giving back as we pressed on after them into the woods, and with Crawford and Gordon coming close behind us, things looked like success.

All this time Drake fought steadily, and, as usual, in the hottest of the fire, but escaping, as by a miracle, unharmed. In our downward rush we had carried all before us, but we found the woods a perfect hornets' nest. The —th, that had never faltered once, broke and fell back now; and Drake, fighting hand to hand, was separated and carried far on in advance of the rest, but being a good swordsman, managed before long to give his quietus to his opponent, who was in a little too much of a hurry. In the struggle they had insensibly gotten out of the thickest of the fight into comparative quiet and seclusion; and Drake, thankful for even a moment's breathing-time, was trying to wipe away some of the blood and grime from his face, when his quick ear caught an ominous click. He looked about, behind him, finally overhead, and there, showing among the leaves, a rifle-barrel glinted in the sun and a pair of fiery eyes glowed above it. To start or run was simply almost inevitable death, and Drake, unwilling even to die in a hurry, folded his arms, saying, coolly,

"My friend, if you are so long in sighting you will be behindhand in your count."

"I have been longer in sighting than you think, perhaps, Captain Porter," was the reply, in a not unfamiliar voice, while a series of cautious movements showed from among the leaves a face at which Drake stared in utter perplexity and amazement. Suddenly light broke in upon him.

"Why, it is Jack Middleton!"

"Precisely! though your memory is not so good as mine. I recognized you on the instant, perhaps because I was so anxious to meet you."

"I have been fighting since daybreak, and don't feel too clear-headed. Do you think you could explain?"

"With pleasure. I could have killed you twice over, only that I was anxious to make this very explanation. I remember that at school you were always sharp-set after the reason of every thing. It would be a pity that you should die without knowing why."

Middleton dropped out these cruel words slowly, watching his victim's face the while for their effect, but no matter what thoughts of Belle and mother were trying at his heart-strings, he only answered,

"You are so tedious that I begin to think you have only a woman's reason, 'Because.'"

"You shall see. You remember that some years ago you called me a dog; that was the beginning of the debt I owe you. When we were at school you put it out at interest. You no longer called me a dog, but you treated me as one. You thought I would have been glad to crawl to your feet, and lick your hand, in return for your condescension. You would never let me alone. You would not be repulsed. I was not worth your disliking. At every step you crossed my path. You took my honors, you stole the hearts that would have been mine. I kept account of all these items; and, do you remember Virginia Brush?"

"A little girl with yellow curls—splendid ones? Yes, I think I do."

Middleton made a hasty movement, as if to fire, but checked himself.

"Drake Porter, I loved that girl, and would have won her but for you. You crossed me there in sheer wantonness. You cared nothing for her; I would have given my soul for her. From that time I swore to have your life. I was sure at last of—"

His hand was on the trigger, waiting the completion of the sentence, his body bent in the very act of firing, and Porter was calculating the chances of a jump at the last moment, when whir! went something over his head, and Middleton fell crashing through the limbs to the ground dead, shot through the heart by a chance bullet, if it is not profane here to speak of chance.

Drake told me the story after, and—

"I tell you what, old fellow," he concluded, "it was about as peculiar a predicament as I ever caught myself in. There wasn't an atom of feeling in my body, except in the spot that that devil's rifle covered; and when that blessed bullet sent him heels over head, I think if there hadn't been a party of our boys close at hand I should have knelt down and made a baby of myself. On the whole, I am not anxious to try it again."

To which I answered, as in duty bound,

"I should think not."

## IN AN ALBUM.

BY T. HOOD.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
 A Benedictine pen,
That can not quite at freedom w[illegible],
 Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must [illegible]
 To fill this page's span;
But be correct, and recollect
 I'm not a single man.

Pray, only think, for pen and ink,
 How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn,
 Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
 May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
 I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head,
 May eke it out with heart;
And in their lays it often plays
 A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
 But if *I* so began
I have my fears about my ears—
 I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
 Nor on your lip be warm;
I must be wise about your eyes,
 And formal with your form;
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
 On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
 I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my hea[rt]
 To keep you off its *beat*;
And I might dare as soon to swear
 At *you* as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire,
 As other poet's can;
My life (she's by) won't let me die—
 I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
 Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
 With neither hand nor heart;
To Hymen vowed, and not allowed
 To flirt e'en with your fan;
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
 I'm not a single man.

Hunter. King. Ricketts. Hitchcock. Garfield. Slough. Prentiss. Lord. Porter. Buford. Reverdy Johnson. Casey. Holt, Judge Advocate. Pope.

COURT-MARTIAL ON MAJOR-GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER, HELD DECEMBER, 1862, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

THE PIRATE RAPHAEL SEMMES.—[FROM AN ENGLISH PHOTOGRAPH.]

## THE PIRATE SEMMES.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the famous pirate RAPHAEL SEMMES, now in command of the British pirate-ship *Alabama*. This man was once in our navy, and acquired an unenviable reputation for bad conduct, which prevented his rising in the service. At the outbreak of the rebellion he cast his lot with the insurgents, and was appointed to command the *Sumter*. In that famous craft he successfully ran the blockade of the Mississippi, and escaped to sea. For some months he made the civilized world ring with the fame of his exploits over unarmed merchantmen, which he robbed and burned. He always refused to fight a ship-of-war, and had hard work, at one time, in escaping the United States gun-boat *Iroquois* at Martinique. We published in a recent number an account of his cruise, written by one of his officers. The *Sumter* was fairly nailed at last in the British port of Gibraltar; there her crew left her, and there she lies still, under the friendly protection of British guns.

Semmes forthwith proceeded to England, where he took the command of the British pirate *Alabama*, and went to sea on 29th June last. His subsequent exploits are fresh in the memory of our readers. He burned ten whalers off the Azores; half a dozen merchantmen between New York and Liverpool; and some small trading craft in the West Indies. At latest dates he was coaling at Martinique, and the *San Jacinto* and other vessels of Commodore Wilkes's squadron were watching him. It is to be hoped they will catch him.

Semmes's family are residing in Philadelphia: one or two of his daughters are at school there.

## SANTA CLAUS'S BALL; OR, A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

SANTA CLAUS had appointed this November night as a dress-rehearsal for Christmas. It was an occasion when not the Dolls only, but very many others, denizens of Toyland, were expected. All, in fact, who could make it convenient to attend felt it to be a duty to do so. In fact, the invitation was almost peremptory. Santa Claus expected to hear from his spies, the Old Dolls, full accounts of the conduct and behavior of his little friends the Children, in order that he might know who deserved his rich prizes, and who might merit the traditional "rod in the stocking" as the penalty of their misbehavior. He also expected to hear from the same reliable sources what all the mothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins were doing with reference to assisting him; and for this information he was accustomed to rely entirely upon the Dolls. They are a very intelligent race of little beings, if one did but know it, and they always sleep with at least one eye open. Consequently, when the Children have gone to bed, and the Dolls set in order in the nursery, and the hidden work is taken out, and the mysterious plans of the family talked over, the Dolls have the best possible chance to see and hear it all, and of course their sympathies are all interested in the Children, and all that concerns them.

Santa Claus was accustomed to hold this annual festival preparatory to Christmas, in order to know exactly what to do, and what to depend upon.

The gala was held in Santa Claus's favorite winter palace, an immense snow-cave in the side of Mount Hecla. Santa Claus found the climate to agree better with his health than a more southern situation, and likewise he found here, in this sequestered spot, the quiet and seclusion so necessary to the mystery in which he is accustomed to invest his good deeds.

The palace was all of a glow with warmth and light from numerous fires in huge fire-places, whose vent was none less than the great crater of Hecla himself. The cheerful blaze illumined the glittering ceiling and sparkling walls, and mellowed the atmosphere to almost tropical geniality; while, to restrain the melting of snow and ice, which naturally would have ensued, and which would have greatly incommoded the guests, the palace was placed under a perpetual spell or charm by a certain witch. This witch when young had been a famous beauty, and a great favorite of the good saint, who was a gay bachelor in those days.

Of course she could not preside publicly at his entertainments; but it was more than surmised in Northern circles that his domestic *ménage* owed much to her occasional care. It was positively asserted that if she chose she could tell what had become of a certain Geyser, which had mysteriously disappeared of late, and there were not wanting dark hints that it had been placed in his kitchen by her agency, in order that he might enjoy a perpetual supply of hot water for his punch, of which it was feared he was becoming very fond.

It is certain that he has been known to lay his finger aside his jolly red nose, wink oracularly, and indulge in a silent inward laugh and chuckle when the subject has been broached to him. But it is not my business to pry into the domestic concerns of these excellent people, but to give an account of Santa Claus's ball.

The dancing-hall was brilliantly illuminated by certain Northern Lights, which had generously volunteered their services for the occasion, and a great number of Shooting-stars were engaged to act as drivers and torch-bearers to convoy the guests to and from the scene of the festivities. It was expected that this evening would witness the *début* of many of the belles and beaux of Toyland, and no pains or expense was spared to make the ball "the affair of the season."

Santa Claus had dispatched his numerous reindeer teams over the American continent to collect his guests; and, lest these accommodations should fail, several Lapland witches had benevolently loaned their broomsticks for the use of such of the company who might prefer them. Jack Frost had done himself more than justice in the upholstery and finishing of the palace, which he could well afford to do, having had the contract from time immemorial. The tables were abundantly spread with viands suited to the tastes and appetites of the guests; while Boreas was engaged to furnish music, assisted by a large deputation of Tin Trumpets and Painted Drums, who were expected to arrive somewhat later in the evening.

Santa Claus had to hear what communications his emissaries might have for him, and this must be attended to before dancing, of course.

The apartments were decorated with hemlock boughs and garlands, brought thither with infinite pains. Ash-berries and holly, with the ancient mistletoe, were tastefully arranged over the walls, and huge sparkling icicles glittered among them in pure and beautiful contrast to the rich dark-green of the evergreens.

The reception-room was thickly carpeted with Iceland moss for the benefit of rheumatic old Dolls, and to enable imprudent young lady Dolls who might have overheated themselves with dancing to resort thither and save themselves a pulmonary attack by inhaling its health-restoring fragrance.

And now, as every thing had been properly attended to, and the arrangements were to his entire satisfaction, the old gentleman, in his best suit of furs, with his pipe laid aside for once, in compliment to the ladies, stood before the great fire-place in the reception-room, with his back to the fire and his coat-tails judiciously drawn on each side, awaiting the arrival of his visitors. He did not have to wait long; for the tinkle of his reindeer' bells were now heard, and the first installment of Dolls soon entered the apartment.

As he expected, they were the invalid guard of the ball, the battered and disabled ones, who had stood one year, at least, of the Nursery campaign, and their battered noses, cracked crowns, and shattered or missing limbs bore evidence to the hard service they had seen.

Polly, the oldest Doll, opened the conversation with grumbling and complaints. She was a very old Doll. Lame and dilapidated, with one arm and a foot gone, and her frock torn half off her shoulders, and her garments soiled and tattered generally, she presented but a sorry appearance.

After extending a courteous welcome to the lame, halt, and blinded party, he lent a listening ear to her grievances.

"If your highness could only know of the goings on in our nursery. Now I don't come here to complain of neglect or ill-usage like some, though I was once a very handsome china Doll, and was dressed and petted as much as the best. Nor do I complain of my broken arm;" and she sadly held up the stump of her once plump and snow-white arm. "But it is not myself," she went on, wiping her remaining eye with a soiled rag of a handkerchief; "it's the Children I'm so sorry for. Why, their mother *never* comes into the nursery more than once a day, and often not that. Sometimes she sweeps in in splendid carriage-dress just ready for a drive, and just touches the children, with 'There, there! don't touch my dress;' and off she goes, while the Children stand at the window and cry themselves sick to see the carriage go off, in which they very seldom have a ride, and never with mamma, unless she goes to fit them with clothes and hats.

"And when little Mary had the scarlet-fever, she left some tiny pills with Kate, the Irish nurse, and told her to give them so often, and the child would be well enough in the morning. But Mary worried and fretted for mamma, who was away at a grand party, and Katy was sleepy and tired, and she muttered to herself—*I* heard her—'What's the use o' bothering wi' the like of this thrash! I'll just be giving the poor thing a dhrop o' suthin' to bring the slape to her eyes.' And she *did* give her something out of a bottle, and Mary never woke up out of that sleep. And they carried her away, and I never saw her again. Mary had me in her little bed all the time, and I know all about it."

"How many children are there left?" asked Santa Claus, blowing his nose very hard.

"Two," answered Polly; "another girl and a teething baby. I know just how many teeth he has, for he tries 'em all on me, and I know the minute one is through."

"Poor little things!" sighed the good saint; "I really do not see how I can help them. Is there no aunt or cousin in the house?"

"Yes. Aunt Sophia and Cousin Bell; but they are entirely taken up with Aid Societies, and Lint Circles, and Hospital visiting, and they have no time for the poor children. Mrs. Harvey, the mamma, is wiser. She gave ten dollars to escape the trouble."

"Not so bad! not so bad!" exclaimed the host. "I rejoice that my friends the soldiers are to fare so well. May the shirts be warm and the turkeys fat that I bring, that is all! I don't suppose there is much chance that my juvenile friends are being calculated upon at all, is there?"

"Not much. I fancy the Soldiers' Christmas box engrosses all their time and attention, and the children always come off second to the public in that house."

"The poor children! the poor children!" put in another doll. "Now where I live there are four little children, and not a rag of new clothes have those poor young ones had this fall or winter, and no prospect of them. And not for lack of money either. Mamma is away to the Hospital, or the Aid Society, or the Lint Company, or what not, as soon as she gets her breakfast, and Tommy's face isn't washed, nor Lizzie's hair curled until the middle of the afternoon, when Betty is all done her work. The cook hasn't made a seed-cake this fall, and every thing nice of jellies or fruit, or whatever there is, goes to the soldiers. The children don't know what a kiss or a story is hardly, it's so long since they heard one; and Charlie's shoes have gaped for patches this month, and Molly's hat is a sight to behold."

"Well, but," interposed the saint, "the soldiers are proper subjects for care and kindness. They need jellies and the children don't; and, poor fellows! they have no mothers to wait upon them."

"Small loss if they are like some mothers I know; but if these mothers don't train and love their own little soldiers at home, there will be another great rebellion one of these days."

"Just my notion," mumbled an old nut-cracker. "If the Southron mothers had only cared for their children when they were little instead of always *threatening* to send them to convents or boarding-schools—and finally *doing* it to get rid of the trouble they ought *themselves* to take—South Carolina never would have seceded, and Master Peyton wouldn't have screwed my neck off with rage when he heard of the victory of Fort Donelson."

There was another loud jingle of bells, and a merry load of the aristocrats of Toyland were joyfully ushered in. They were accompanied by a

SANTA CLAUS'S BALL.

Zouave, whose pretty china head and brilliant red white and blue had evidently dazzled the eyes of all the female portion of the company—all but Miss Josephine. She, the waxen beauty in her silk and blond, her tarletan and spangles, her embroidery and lace, felt herself entitled to the belleship of the ball-room without a question, and was especially irritated at the company of certain nondescript Dolls, who were exceedingly presumptuous, as she deemed it, in riding in the same sleigh as herself. She was especially conceited on the subject of her birth; for, as she boasted, she was a genuine Parisian, body, complexion, curls, dress, and all; and, moreover, a true Santa Clausian, who had come down standing in Santa Claus's own hands, and was none of your fair-bought, home-made, home-dressed, got-up-any-how affairs. She had been promenaded on the Boulevards, and aired in the Bois de Boulogne, and was bursting with spite that the Zouave, who was, as she alleged, "only bought at a Soldiers' Fair," should not notice her more than he did.

She flirted her tarletans contemptuously past him, and courtesied to the ground before the host. He greeted her kindly, and courteously inquired the occasion of her clouded brow.

"I can not bear mixed companies," she answered, with ill-concealed disdain.

"But my invitation was peremptory."

"True, and therefore am I here."

"Yet, my pretty Doll, your countenance indicates that you come reluctantly."

The petted beauty burst into tears.

"May I never become human!" she exclaimed. "If my heart is not almost broken with neglect!"

(This is the hoped-for future of Dolls, and with good reason, for the metamorphosis is well authenticated in many cases.)

"Neglect! I supposed the fair Josephine was far above the danger of neglect!" murmured the Zouave.

"It is very well for you, Colonel Ellsworth, to speak in that way," she pettishly replied. "You know that I have lain in the drawer without a breath of air or glimpse of daylight but what comes through the broken lock of my drawer, while you sit in the Doll-chair, the pet and darling of the nursery, and feel yourself Lord Paramount every where. My *worst* trouble, and the cause of all my troubles, is the ambition of my little mistress's parents. Unfortunately she let it out that she was a bright child, and they have shown her no mercy ever since. She goes to school at half past eight every morning. She remains until half past two, then she comes home, eats a lunch, and practices music until four. Then she sews an hour for the Aid Societies, then her evening meal and lessons from seven till nine, when my poor ten-year-old mistress goes to bed. Every day of the week this is the rule except Saturday, when sewing for the soldiers takes the place of lessons at school, and maybe she gets a short walk in the afternoon.

"Dear Santa Claus, can not you help us? She will die if this goes on. I see and hear this, and it is every word of it true;" and the tears stood again—tender, loving tears—in her waxen blue eyes.

The saint's eyes glowed like sparks under his shaggy eyebrows.

"My Master greatly loved these little ones when he dwelt on the earth, and if their human parents do not more carefully watch and tend them he will gather the lambs to his bosom again," he murmured softly to himself, as he slowly paced the floor, with his hands contemplatively clasped under his coat-tails.

A brisk-looking jointed Chinese Doll now hopped up to their host, and began to retail both information and grievance in his attentive ear.

She said that she and her friends Hoop and Hoop-stick, Ball and Bat, Battle-door and Shuttle-cock, were under a ban, and were heart-broken at the aspect of things in their residence, which was in Boston. She really did not see how she was going to bear it any longer. Evening study was now the rule, and the poor children went to bed so tired that when they rose in the morning they had no spirits for play at all, neither had they the time. She couldn't remember when they had had time.

Katy was as pale as a ghost trying for the prize for French, and Milly was equally desperate for the Mathematical medal. She stated that her memory couldn't recall when she had been properly undressed and put to bed, and she had quite lost her voice, it was so long since she had been squeezed.

The circle smiled at this, and the Zouave mischievously encircled her waist with his padded arm, to which pressure she responded with an extremely natural "squawk," which proved her bellows in excellent order, and made the Dolls look scandalized behind their fans, and Miss Josephine walked away as haughty as a crowned queen.

"It seems that the Aid Societies do not trouble your house very much," whispered the Zouave, offering his arm for a promenade; "at least you do not oppose them as violently as many do."

"Ah!" sighed the almond-eyed Squaw Lin, accepting the proffered arm with a mollified air, "if all soldiers were like Colonel Ellsworth! But really, if you *could* only see the wooden German Grenadiers at our house which came home from the last fancy fair—" The rest of the sentence was lost as they sauntered off to try the flavor of an ice *à la Hecla*.

Santa Claus looked after them with a peculiar smile.

"We have all been young once," he sighed. "I had a touch of the complaint many years ago myself."

There were many complaints and much important information brought to Santa Claus that night, to all of which he attentively listened, and promised to use his influence on the side of right, reserving to himself the privilege of judging the merits of the case.

There were almost universal complaint from the city Dolls that their little mistresses were overstudied, in school and out of school; and although the complaint came selfishly from the Dolls, Santa Claus knew too well the consequences to pass the information in silence. Dull children were in little danger. It was the bright, talented ones, who needed no urging to study at all, to whom the harm happened. Boys could and would get air and exercise somehow; but little girls, bright, studious, lady-like little girls, had no redress if parents did not take up their cause.

Santa Claus had a theory that, if a little girl of ten years old made the clothes for her Doll family, it was about as much sewing as she ought to be expected to do; and if she was studious in school she ought not to be expected to study out of school and give up her play hours. He espoused the cause of the Hoops and Balls, the Battle-doors and Shuttle-cocks, feeling that they had a good work to do, in which the parents ought rather to aid than restrain them.

His "little ones" were especially dear to the saint's heart, and he believed that his little Peter Parlegians had turned out full as well as those whose studies were more pretentious. He sadly remembered certain bright little faces that, one Christmas, would peer so curiously and sweetly into the stockings it had been his care to fill for them, who, before another Christmas, had laid their throbbing heads and quivering nerves to rest where school-books should never annoy them more. And he shrewdly opined that if half the amount of study at present exacted was performed in school under the teacher's eye, and with his assistance, the good results mentally would be doubled; and if the time thus saved from study be devoted to vigorous romping in doors or out, the value to the little students would be wonderful, and the bright eyes and curls might look into well-filled stockings until years insensibly stole away the child's privilege. But Santa Claus sighed deeply when he thought how hopeless was the task of convincing parents of this.

His heart grew still heavier when he thought of the many nurseries unblessed by the constant presence of a mother. Society—gay, bewitching, fascinating society—claimed so many, especially young mothers. "And yet," he reflected, as he promenaded the now nearly deserted reception-room, and the gusty sounds of distant music reached his ears from the dancing-halls, where the Tin Trumpet Band, Boreas conductor, discoursed melody for the multitude of twinkling feet—"and yet this class are not so hopeless after all; for sooner or later sorrow, steadiness, or wisdom come to all, and these gay young creatures turn out pretty well after all; for most generally it is only an excess of animal spirits which passes off in time. It's only a few comparatively—alas that there should be any!—who are incorrigible." But even Santa Claus shook his head as he reflected that so many really excellent, high-principled, kind-hearted mothers find their duties and tastes leading them away from home and the dear faces there, even to the neglect of his darling pets, who so sadly missed the smile, the kiss, the story or romp, the walk or ride with mamma, the sunshine of her presence. And very sad remembrances occurred to him of those who, having no tender drawing out of love of home, found bright fires and lights (such unhallowed ones!) elsewhere, and sweet smiles and brilliant glances, glowing with no holy mother-love, and accepted the wretched substitutes. He loved the poor soldiers; they were his especial care. Many a box of comforts and delicacies had he conveyed to them, and so joyfully, when mothers, sisters, and daughters filled them; but his heart ached for the dear Children whose mothers, in restlessness or ignorance, had neglected them to minister to strangers. He saw in this very neglect, whether from misguided ambition or simply indolence, the one great cause of the Great Rebellion; for, of a certainty, if the Children can obey well, the men will command well, and deserve well of the opinion of the world.

The Children of Santa Claus must neither be left to the exclusive care of either Biddy or Dinah. Neither devoted to death upon the school desk, nor impaled by the needles of infanticidal Sewing Societies. The races and romps, the balls and hoops, must resume their rule. Their precious Doll cares and baby housekeeping, the song or story from mamma, the evening frolic with papa, must be reinstated. Bo-Peep and Cock Robin must not be supplanted by Manesea and Davies, nor Jack the Giant Killer by Dumas or De Staël, nor Mother Goose by Watts on the Mind. Not a bit of it. And St. Nicholas swore by his eight favorite reindeer to claim back his own, and bid the children be Children once more.

He resolved that the children of soldiers, either absent or killed, should fare especially well, and their stockings well filled by hook or crook, and re-resolved that within the circle of his influence all faces should be bright and happy—Aid Society or Gay Society to the contrary, notwithstanding.

So he walked along with his hands in his pockets to watch the dancers. They were holding high revel there. Over the glittering floor they flew, waxen beauties, clasped by stalwart Highlander or courtly Louis Quatorze, who had escaped from the drawing-room mantles. Bronze knights in armor clinked their mailed heels in time with plump china Dolls. Rag Dolls waddled round in the embrace of India-rubber Zouaves. Wooden Dolls stumped round in the Mazurka with the German Grenadiers. Hideous Gutta Perchas and half naked Arabs hob-a-nobbed with Walnut witches over their boiling punch; while Jumping Jacks executed frantic polkas with beautiful dancing Dolls; and Chinese Dolls and Crying Babies squalled vigorously, as energetic Harlequins bounced them around in time to the wild music of the Band. The Northern Lights glimmered and flashed, the huge fire-places glowed with fervent heat. The icicles trembled on the garlands, and the weird music played faster and faster, and round and round they flew under its enchantment. The Sister of Charity, her skirts smeared with the ink she had wiped from numerous pens, simpered slily under her big white bonnet, as she touched glasses with a burly Punch, astride a beer cask. She looked abominably knowing as she winked to him that she could, if she chose, reveal what a soldier in camp had written under her supervision. "That is, I sat on the inkstand, and wiped his pen—so I read his letter," and she smiled as a gay young tiger replenished her glass with the hottest of punch.

I should talk forever to describe every thing said and done that night. I shall only hint how certain Dolls, too old to dance and too young to stay at home, formed in a snug whist party, and *en masse* got gloriously fuddled, insomuch that some ventured too close to the fire and were instantly reduced to glowing charcoal; while others, not discerning the difference between a witch's broomstick and a comfortable sleigh, imprudently chose the former, and while in the act of sailing home, singing

"On the bat's back do I fly!"

incontinently tumbled off and were lost in the Arctic ocean, and never heard from more. The younger portion of the company, who drank only ice-water, all got home in perfect safety before cock-crow.

Santa Claus made a speech to the Dolls, in which "he assured the Dolls that he would attend to their grievances, and see to it that they had more of the time and attention of their little mistresses than ever before; also that a flea should be judiciously inserted into the ears of the mothers, to the intent that their assistance and co-operation should be lent to further his plans for a merry Christmas. He added that the soldiers were the fathers of his children, and had been his children themselves, and should receive his especial care and attention. All that could be done for them was right, except when it robbed little ones of their mothers. Likewise, the children and orphans of soldiers were under his especial care, and he promised to co-operate with all Dolls from Fancy Fairs, to see that they were placed where they would do most good to the children."

He squeezed Polly's remaining hand, and exhorted her to mind the slippery steps, and pinched Josephine's glowing cheek, as she courtesied before him down to the ground and showered her flaxen curls over her waxen beauty; she leaned on the arm of the Ellsworth Zouave, who tenderly wrapped her white opera cloak around her, as he placed her inside the sleigh and took his own seat on the box beside the strolling Star who acted as driver for the nonce.

He comforted Squaw Lin, who looked venomously after them as they departed, with a promise of a splendid gutta percha Uncle Tom, and laughed himself sore to see her look of disgust.

He felt an inward disquiet, though he could not keep his face straight either, as he saw that the Walnuts and Gutta Perchas had had more than was good for them, and more than doubted if all of them would arrive safe home.

He detained the demure Sister of Charity a moment with a whispered hint of caution under her bonnet, and gave her arm a sly pinch as she nodded so violently that she nearly lost her head-gear. There was a secret understanding between them, only to be divulged to you, dear reader.

He watched each guest depart, and the long train of matrons, each escorting a load of merry, sleepy, tired Dolls home to their nursery, streamed across the ebon sky like a procession of sparks from a great conflagration.

They were the happiest Dolls that ever started off to a midnight frolic, and the tipsy ones made their exit singing,

"Wewengohomt'llmo'n'g,
'Tlldayltdoespear!"

Then he went in, lighted his pipe, and sat down to cogitate before his fire till morning. Then he concluded that an account of his ball had better be sent to *Harper's Weekly*, and see if a plea for the Children could not be made through its pages; and I did it for him, and here is the story.

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE dearly-cherished anniversary of so many hundred years comes back to us again in all its sacred beauty and antiquity, kept by some with the time-honored custom of gathering together all the members of the family, near and distant, and distributing among them welcome tokens of affection, of which kind old Santa Claus is supposed to be the donor. The happy few may, perhaps, again this year celebrate their annual festivities; but oh! to how many will it be a season of sad, sad memories! On the left hand of our picture, on pages 8 and 9, we see the fond wife with the likeness of her brave soldier clasped to her heart, looking up to the moon and thinking that it is also shining on him, if indeed he still be above the sod, of which she, poor soul, has never-ceasing and bitter misgivings. The gentle moon shines just as brightly as it did last Christmas when he sat lovingly by her side, and they talked with delighted anticipation of the children's joy, when, on waking in the morning, they would find that Santa Claus had more than realized their fondest hopes in the gifts he had prepared for them. Notwithstanding the anxiety so painfully weighing on the mother's heart, it shall still be "Merry Christmas" with the little ones; and as they lie nestling so sweetly in their little crib, she carefully fills the little stockings, which have been expectantly hung in the chimney, with all they have so eagerly desired. Then she decks the room tastefully with greens, and hangs a wreath below the dear absent father's portrait, which greets the little ones with loving eyes as they awake. Meanwhile the vision of Santa Claus showering his gifts down the chimney comes to them in their merry, happy little dreams, while his sleigh, laden with gifts, is impatiently waiting to jingle off to the next of his favorites.

On the right of the picture sits the subject of these tender recollections. By the light of his camp-fire he can plainly see the loved faces looking up at him from the likeness he holds in his hand. As he gazes he fancies he is again with the dear ones at home; it seems as if the children's merry tones would momentarily ring out with gay laughter. He thinks he feels the clasp of his wife's hand, the slender fingers twined so caressingly round his own; but he raises his eyes, and his own dreary Christmas comes back to him in all its loneliness. The moon is shining down on the beautiful river, and plainly reveals the forms of two of his comrades on sentry duty. Quite near him is another, who, basking in the warmth of the fire, has fallen quietly asleep, the snow lying on the ground sparkles in the moonlight, and all is very still. But there is somebody who remembers the soldier's Christmas. Behold Santa Claus driving along with merry speed, and as he goes he rapidly throws out boxes filled with good things by the thoughtful hands at home, wherein the soldiers shall find enough to make them a jolly Christmas feast, and to drink the health of those they love so dearly.

On the lower right-hand corner we see one of many of our noble ships struggling with the storm; their duty this Christmas time is to be as active as ever on the watch for privateers, while others blockade the rebel ports. There is no merry-making for them this holiday season; only to be tossed about on the wild deep, while the great waves seem to toy with their strong vessel.

On the lower left-hand corner our troops are marching along despite the snow which lies deep on the ground, and is still falling. "Onward to Victory!" is the word, and they continue to press forward. Rains can not damp their martial ardor, snows can not chill those true spirits, cold can not freeze the warmth of their love for freedom, peace, and Union.

At the top is the Northern Light glowing behind Washington's tomb; and as Duganne says, in one of his Ballads of the War—

"When Sumter's cannon in thunder spoke,
And Sumter's lightning blazed—
When out of the gloom of Vernon's tomb
The soul of the Past was raised;
When Union's stars, on the shield of Mars,
Were lifted by Freedom's hand,
Then the light of the North went grandly forth
Through all our loyal land!"

Below this are the peaceful graves of those who have numbered all the Christmases they will ever spend on earth. There they lie, side by side, buried on the field where they fought their last battle. The sad hearts of their mourning mothers, sisters, wives, and children can only find comfort in knowing that they nobly responded to their country's call, and that they yielded up their lives to its glory in as true a cause as ever made hearts beat with patriotic emotion. And so let them not mourn, but HONOR THE BRAVE!

## QUASHY'S MASTER.

You remember Quashy Quando, don't you? He made your acquaintance through the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, and perhaps you will remember that he was, in old, old times, before the Revolution, the slave of a physician in the province of Massachusetts Bay.

This physician (besides being a gentleman and my ancestor) was, after his style, as great an original as old Quashy himself, and met with some queer adventures.

Will you hear an anecdote or two of him? He was summoned once in direful haste, to attend a daughter of Eve in her extremity. It was a lonely, old-fashioned farm-house, and the family comprised the man, his wife, and three old maids, sisters of the farmer, by name Hetty, Nabby, and Dolly.

It was a cold winter's day, and the Doctor, on arrival, was invited to seat himself in the kitchen (the only sitting room indeed) beside an immense wood fire.

In those days there was at either end of the kitchen a wide door opening directly out, and when the goodman had hewed off a log, something smaller than a hogshead, he used to hitch his oxen or his horse to it by a chain, and drag it in at one door, leave it to be "crowed" on to the fire, and then drive the beasts out at the opposite door. Now that's true.

Well, the Doctor seated himself in such a kitchen before such a fire, rubbed his hands, warmed his knees, and looked about him. In the chimney hung hams of pork and mutton, with a mighty round of beef, smoking. The Doctor pulled his pipe from the pocket of his flapped waistcoat and smoked in opposition.

Upon a bench snugly accommodated in the corner of the wide fire-place slept a great pussy cat, and the Doctor watching her began to nod and blink in sympathy, but just then the door opened and in bustled Nabby bringing "the kettle" (they had but one, and she called it the dinner-pot) half full of water, which she proceeded to adjust by pot-hook and trammel to a great chain hanging lengthwise down chimney (chimney cranes are a modern innovation). Then, with many apologies for disturbing the Doctor, and voluble lamentations over "poor Nancy's" sufferings, she brought from the "butt'ry" a bucket of Indian meal, and began to stir it slowly into the water, seasoning the compound with a handful of salt taken from a great wooden salt-box hung beside the chimney.

The pudding began to boil, and Nabby giving it a parting stir, bustled out of the room and up stairs again to see after "poor Nancy."

A few minutes elapsed, and the door opening in glided Hetty, who shook hands with the Doctor, spoke hopefully of her sister-in-law's illness, and then vehemently stirred the pudding, adding as she did so a large handful of salt.

She had just finished when in minced Dolly, a beauty of thirty years before, and informed Hetty that she was wanted up stairs. Hetty went, and Dolly remained. Innocent young thing, *she* didn't know or say any thing about Nancy's illness, but whisked about the room setting all in primest order and talking of this "oncommon spell o' weather."

Finally, approaching the fire, she spied the kettle of pudding, and tucking away her striped linsey-woolsey skirt to show her pretty feet, began to stir the mush, ending by adding a double handful of salt.

"Dolly," called Nabby's shrill voice, and the fair child skipped away.

As the door closed behind her the Doctor solemnly arose from his chair, and with a severe aspect seized the stick, stirred the pudding till he could stir no longer, and then diving into the salt-box brought up as much of its contents as his capacious hand would hold, and gravely added it to the boiling mass.

Then he sat down again with one queer little twitch at the corner of his mouth.

Half an hour later, and Nabby reappeared. "Poor Nancy" wasn't ready to see the Doctor yet, and she guessed they'd better have supper right away.

So the great immovable oaken table was cleared, a number of bowls with pewter spoons were put upon it, with a loaf of brown bread, some butter, a pitcher of milk, and a great can of cider. Then Nabby, seizing the pot, drew it forward, but pausing, said, meditatively,

"Seems to me jest as if I'd forgot to salt this firmaty."

She half glanced at the Doctor, but he was deep in dignified reverie, and Nabby did not venture to disturb him.

"No, I'm sartin I didn't," said she, to herself, and dipping into the box brought out a generous handful and stirred it in.

"Seems to me the salt's got dreadful low in that 'ere box," muttered she, sturdily swinging the kettle off the chain.

The Doctor rousing himself, gallantly offered his assist-

ance, and the firmaty, poured into a mighty wooden bowl, soon smoked in the middle of the table.

The family were assembled, and the pudding was ladled into the little bowls.

"I s'pose you like mush and milk, Doctor? It's farmers' livin'," remarked Hetty, handing the visitor his portion.

"Very much when it is good," returned the Doctor, ceremoniously waiting for his hostesses to begin eating.

"Well, our'n I guess is as good—why, Lud-a-massy-on-me, what upon aarth ails the stuff!" exclaimed Hetty, putting a spoonful into her mouth, and swallowing it with a gulp.

"Why, sure enough, it's jest as salt as brind itself!" ejaculated Nabby.

"Oh my! I do declare! I never did see!" chorused Dolly, puckering a mouth which had been pretty into all manner of shapes.

"Then," recommenced Nabby, with a self-condemnatory nod of the head, "'twas *I* sp'ilt it. I salted it w'en I put it over, and then I was so took up with poor Nancy I forgot and went and salted it again w'en I took it off."

"Well, sister," began Hetty, sheepishly, "I didn't know as you'd salted it, and so *I* up and salted it."

"He, he, he! Oh my! Oh deary me! I never did, in all my born days!" giggled Dolly. "Why girls, *I* put in a double handful of salt!"

"And, ladies," began the Doctor—who had turned his eyes with saddest gravity from one speaker to the other, all around the board—"*I* stirred and salted the pudding, for, perceiving that you all did it, I thought it was a household custom at such times as this, perhaps an offering to the goddess Lucina. It seems I was mistaken."

But the brown loaf, and the butter, and the milk were good, and Nancy was well before morning.

Another time the Doctor was summoned to one of these outlying farms, to visit a young wife dying of some acute and painful disease. He soon saw that she would not outlive the night, and summoning the husband into another room, he broke the sad news to him, adding that he would stay beside her to the last.

The man thanked him, and seated himself beside the kitchen fire, while the Doctor returned into the adjacent bedroom.

It was just at nightfall, but through the little square window the Doctor saw that the storm he had all day foreseen had come at last, with mingled snow and rain, hurled across the wide flat marshes by such swooping gusts of wind as they have upon the sea-board, and nowhere else.

The stout-built house winced and trembled; the great trees waved in terror, bowed in submission, but were rent limb from limb in spite of all by the mad, hungry wind.

It was an awful night.

The Doctor was just returning from the window, when the bedroom door softly opened, and the young husband's head appeared inside.

"Is she a goin', Doctor?" asked he, in a loud whisper.

The Doctor shook his head negatively, and the door closed quietly.

Some fifteen minutes passed, and the door again opened.

"Is she a goin' yet, Doctor?"

"Not quite yet; but she is unconscious. She does not suffer now. Won't you come in?"

The man shook his head, and closed the door.

"Poor fellow! He feels what he is losing very keenly," thought the Doctor, sadly, looking again at the young wife.

Another fifteen minutes passed, and again the door opened. This time the husband entered, and softly approaching the bed, looked at his wife. The Doctor regarded him with astonishment. A pair of fisherman's boots were drawn on over his pantaloons; his head was covered with a hat firmly and grotesquely tied down by a silk handkerchief; upon his shoulders was a loose coat or wrapper, belted about the waist with a stout rope.

"Are you going out now?" asked the Doctor, bluntly.

"She ain't gone yit," whispered the husband, not noticing the Doctor's question. "But I want, Sir, for you to let me know the very minit the breath's out'n her body, 'cause I must go and warn the bees."

"Warn the bees!"

"Yes," explained the man, compassionately, mistaking the Doctor's indignant astonishment for sheer ignorance. "P'r'aps you didn't never hear that when one of the folks in a house dies, 'thout the bees are warned on it fust thing they'll all quit, and that's the last you'll see on 'em. So's soon as she's gone" (jerking his thumb toward the bed) "I want to know, so's I can start right out."

And five minutes after he went.

The Doctor, like most medical men, was a great skeptic as to supernatural matters, and often said he'd only ask to meet a ghost—nothing would better please him.

So one dark night, coming home on foot from the border of a neighboring town, he turned aside to cut off a corner and gratify his own pride by crossing "Deadman's Past're," where old Nick Coffin had been found hanging by the neck many years before, where he had been buried, and where, as every body knew, his spirit still "walked," especially on darksome nights like this.

The Doctor stepped briskly along, smiling grimly to himself at the mental weakness of his fellow-townsfolk, when he suddenly started, and then stood still. Just before him, standing apparently half in and half out the earth, stood a tall, upright, white figure, with outstretched arms. The Doctor waited but an instant before he boldly advanced upon the foe; but in two steps found himself in a bog, whence he hastily retreated, and regaining the road consoled himself by thinking that it was the morass and not the ghost that had vanquished him, and that he was no more frightened or flurried than if he hadn't seen "it."

Just then, however, the Doctor became aware that some one or something was pursuing him at a short distance behind, but completely hidden by a thick hedge of wild bushes growing along the edge of the road. Dull footsteps, however, and the occasional clank of a chain, were plainly to be distinguished, and were evidently following in his own direction.

This was uncomfortable; but with a dogged shake of the head the Doctor turned and walked steadily along, in the centre of the road, toward home, only wishing he had taken his pistols with him.

Suddenly straining his eyes to discern the path, the poor Doctor again was sure that a tall white figure, with outstretched arms, stood in his path, but now there lay no bog between, and with a quick firm step he boldly advanced upon it.

Surely here was no delusion! He saw the vapory white dress, the flowing dark hair, the pallid face and baleful eyes. Still he approached near and nearer, until, as he stretched out his hand to touch it, it uttered a loud, shrill laugh, and darted away into the thick forest.

The Doctor stood still and wiped his brow, although the night was frosty and the wind a shrewd one. Just then his eye caught the twinkle of a candle in Josh Stebbins's little farm-house; and actuated by a sudden impulse, he made his way straight to the door, and caught the farmer as he was following his wife to bed.

"There's some sort of curious creature in your wood-lot, Stebbins," began he. "Take your gun and a lantern and come down with me. Perhaps we shall see him again."

The taciturn yeoman obeyed, and it was not till they were on the road that he requested further particulars.

For reply, the Doctor succinctly narrated his night's adventures.

Josh Stebbins listened to the whole account with becoming gravity; asked quietly if the noise of steps came from Deadman's Past're; and being answered in the affirmative, stopped short, set the breech of his gun heavily between his feet, looked up and down, east and west, and uttered a short, sharp, sententious peal of laughter.

"Tell'ee what, Doctor! you seed the old white cedar in the pond in Deadman's Past're. The bark's stripped clean off, and there's jest two limbs left, that *do* stick out like arms, and that's a fact! Then my old Toby—my black horse, you know—he's fettered and turned inter that very past're to grass. I guess he wanted you should housen him. Then as for the creter that screamed, I shouldn't wonder of it was that 'ere crazy woman the men was here from Stoughton arter this very mornin'—"

"Why didn't you say that first, you foolish fellow!" inquired the Doctor, with somewhat unwarrantable heat. "Of course it's she, and we must raise the town and come and get her. She'll freeze before morning. And, mind you, Stebbins—a word in your ear. Here's a silver dollar for you, and see you don't say a word about my little mistake to man, woman, chick, nor child. If you do, Sir, look out for an extra dose of blue pill next time you come under my hands!"

Stebbins promised, and kept his promise for a good many years at least. Only once in a while, when any one spoke of Deadman's Past're, he would unaccountably break into one of his peculiar laughs, and go away shaking his head in silent satisfaction.

But then—that's enough for once of the old Doctor.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